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THE DIARY OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE CAMPAIGN OF NEW ORLEANS.

IN November last the diary of Private John Timewell, of the 43rd Light Infantry, during the Peninsular War, was published in this Magazine. This diary terminated with the arrival of the 43rd at Plymouth in June, 1814, at which station they enjoyed a brief spell of repose after six years' campaigning in Portugal, Spain, and France. A few months later the regiment was ordered to form part of the force despatched on the ill-fated expedition to New Orleans.

It may be as well to preface the diary with a description of the main incidents of the war which immediately preceded the attack on New Orleans. The hostilities between the two countries, during the years 1812-15, appear to have excited but little interest in England, by reason, no doubt, of the overwhelming importance of the great events in Europe which succeeded one another with such bewildering rapidity during that period.

During the first two years of the war there was much desultory fighting on the Canadian frontier, but little attention, however, being paid to it by the British Government, engrossed as it was in sending every available British soldier to aid in the final expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. Owing to bad management, or worse, the Americans were

permitted to gain several successes over our navy in individual ship-actions. It is unnecessary to particularise them here, since all the world knows how several British frigates, undermanned or with raw crews recently collected by the press-gang, succumbed to vastly superior vessels carrying heavier guns and manned by sailors who had received their training in seamanship and gunnery in the navy of King George.¹

The military operations with which we deal may be said to have com-

¹ An amusing instance of the way history is sometimes manufactured for home-consumption in America may be seen in the recent attempt of a writer to prove that not only were the ships and guns of the two countries equally matched, but that the American crews, although admittedly trained in the British navy, were genuine sons of America in disguise, which naturally made them more than a match for the British sailors. It is difficult to see what purpose is served by this distortion of facts which have been common knowledge on both sides of the Atlantic for more than eighty years; but it is to be presumed that the people who write and the people who read this sort of thing regard their history from the point of view which Dr. Johnson used to take of his politics, and are content so long as "the Whig dogs don't get the best of it." Such bombastical nonsense has of course nothing in common with the work in which such writers as Bancroft and Parkman carried on, and Mr. John Fiske is still happily carrying on, the high traditions of the school of Irving, Prescott, and Motley.

menced in the spring of 1814, shortly after the cessation of hostilities in the south of France, when a brigade of infantry, consisting of the 4th, 44th, and 85th regiments, some Artillery and Engineers, altogether about twenty-five hundred men under the command of Major-General Ross, were embarked at Bordeaux for service in America. The force, which had been increased at Bermuda by the 21st regiment from the Mediterranean, proceeded to the Bay of Chesapeake, and on August 19th landed at St. Benedict's some distance up the Patuxent river, where it received still further reinforcements in the shape of a battalion of Marines and some disciplined negroes. Since no horses accompanied the troops beyond those of the General and his Staff, a party of one hundred Blue-jackets were landed from the fleet to drag the guns, one six-pounder and two three-pounders. The whole force now amounted to forty-five hundred men, truly an imposing army with which to invade America! And the objective of this raid was nothing less than Washington, the capital, situated some sixty miles inland. During the advance on this town about fifty horses were captured, and on these the artillery-drivers were mounted as a substitute for cavalry, in which the little force was absolutely deficient; it is interesting to learn that this handful of men performed all the reconnoitring duties most effectually. On August 24th, the fifth day after leaving the ships, the American army was found posted in a strong position in rear of a branch of the river Potomac, near the town of Bladensburg, situated on the hither side of the stream which was spanned by a single bridge. The Americans, according to their own statements held this position with twenty pieces of artillery and nine thousand men (just double the

numbers of the British Force),¹ while six guns swept the bridge and its approaches.

General Ross, with possibly more gallantry than wisdom, without waiting to ascertain whether the river was passable at other points, at once ordered the advanced guard, consisting of the 85th Light Infantry and the light companies of the other regiments, to cross the bridge and attack. It was subsequently discovered that a good ford existed hard by, and no better example than this could be given of the thoroughness with which all ranks of the British army from the general to the private despised the Americans. In all histories, diaries, or letters dealing with this period, the same spirit is constantly manifested, the seasoned troops from the Peninsula believing (and, as in the case in point, believing rightly) that no American levies could possibly withstand them in the field. But in this justifiable pride they took no account of the fact that although undisciplined and badly officered levies are no match for trained soldiers in the open, the same men, when fighting behind field-defences and in a country unsuited for manœuvring, are by no means to be despised. The advanced guard, however, having been ordered to carry the bridge, did so, despite the fact that two guns out of the six were actually posted on the road leading down to the bridge, and that their first discharge swept away, according to the testimony of an eyewitness, almost an entire company. Dashing onwards the survivors crossed the bridge, effected a lodgment on the far side of the river, and spreading outwards soon drove the American riflemen from the wooded banks and captured the two guns on the roadway.

¹ This was the number admitted by the Americans at the time. It has since been reduced by their historians of the war to five thousand seven hundred.

But pushing on to the main position they were met by a heavy fire and driven back to the river, till the remainder of the British column, crossing the stream, attacked the Americans in front and flank, upon which they broke and fled. Their reserve, instead of supporting the first line, on seeing it break also fell back in disorder, and the cavalry, which had an admirable chance of charging the pursuing British infantry, whose ranks were of course in disorder, galloped off the field, ten out of the twenty guns being left in the hands of the victors. The only Americans who came with credit out of this affair were the sailors, who served their guns with deadly precision and stood to them until many were bayoneted by the advancing British infantry.

Such was the action of Bladensburg, fought within four miles of Washington, which opened to the victorious British troops the road to the capital of the United States.

It was not the intention of the English Government to attempt to make any permanent conquests in America, but rather to take advantage of their supremacy at sea to make raids on various points. General Ross had now therefore to determine on his further line of action. To hold Washington was clearly out of the question; hence it was that he decided, in accordance with the well-known principles of civilised warfare, to lay the city under a contribution, and then to make good his retirement to the British fleet.

With this object in view, and more especially to avoid any unnecessary effusion of blood or damage to the town, General Ross halted his force outside of it and ordered a flag of truce to be sent in, which he accompanied himself. Hardly, however, had this small party entered the town when some patriots (as they de-

lighted to style themselves) opened fire on them, one of the escort being killed and General Ross's horse shot under him. Of course all ideas of further parleying were now at an end, and the troops were ordered to advance on the town, all ranks being rendered furious by this outrageous breach of the rules of war. The house, whence the treacherous shots had been fired, was at once stormed and every soul in it put to death, after which all Government buildings and property were burned or destroyed. Dockyard, arsenal, and barracks were shortly in flames; over a hundred pieces of cannon and some twenty thousand stand of arms were destroyed, with a newly built frigate and a vast amount of warlike stores. The President's palace and the Senate House shared the same fate, as unfortunately did the National Library and Archives.

It has always been the fashion for Americans to denounce the barbarity of this wholesale destruction, but any impartial student of military history, versed in the ways of soldiers engaged in active operations in an enemy's country, will appreciate the extraordinary forbearance shown by the British troops on this occasion. Despite their bitter indignation at the profound act of treachery of the Americans, it is a notable fact that no private houses were plundered nor intentionally destroyed, save only the one whence the General's horse had been shot. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this, for to this day, whereas the wickedness of England in burning Washington is a stock article of belief in America, the disgraceful episode, happily unparalleled in civilised warfare, which was the immediate cause of the destruction, is always as scrupulously ignored, as also, it may be added, are the destruction by the Americans of

Newark, York, and other towns upon the Canadian frontier.

American writers have indeed denied that any flag of truce was sent into Washington, and in support of their views say, truly enough, that General Ross in his despatches did not mention the matter. It is sufficient to say here that the American War Minister, General Armstrong, in his report states that General Ross, after entering the city with a small escort, set a price on the public buildings as their ransom, and despatched an agent to open negotiations with the Americans on the subject, and that "the return of the messenger with the rejection of the terms became the signal for destruction." It is inconceivable to imagine how such a condition of affairs could have arisen without a temporary cessation of hostilities, which implies a flag of truce.

That the latter did exist, therefore, may be taken as granted, and that it was violated is emphatically stated by the late Chaplain-General to the Forces (the Reverend George Gleig) who was present at Bladensburg and at the capture of Washington as a subaltern in the 85th Light Infantry. His narrative of the campaign, in which all these circumstances are clearly detailed, was based upon a journal kept at the time, and he is careful to state that "for all the particulars however extraordinary," he is "enabled thus fairly to pledge his credit." It may also be mentioned that the Americans themselves set fire to some of their own establishments on the approach of the British, and that a certain number of private dwellings were plundered and fired by the lower classes in the town, who took advantage of the confusion which naturally existed.

The British commander, having completed this act of justifiable ven-

geance, had now to carry out the difficult task of withdrawing his small force, encumbered as it was with many wounded, to his ships. This had to be done in the presence of a strong force of Americans who, after the rout at Bladensburg, had re-assembled in the vicinity of the town.

The withdrawal was successfully accomplished, although it was found necessary to leave behind a considerable number of men too severely wounded to be moved. To the honour of Americans it should be mentioned that these unfortunate sufferers received the kindest treatment from their enemies, who were, naturally enough, much enraged at their recent defeat and the destruction of their capital. It is said that the Americans, throughout the hostilities of 1814, were greatly surprised at the orderly conduct of the British soldiers and the way that they respected private property and did not molest the inhabitants. It is worth repeating this in the face of the statements of a recent American writer who has gravely assured his readers that, had the British succeeded at New Orleans, the town and its inhabitants, and more especially the women, would have shared the fate of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos.

General Ross's force re-embarked on the morning of August 30th without suffering any molestation from the enemy. Thus terminated one of the most daring expeditions on a small scale ever carried out, and although this exploit did not receive the attention it deserved at the time, it will ever rank as one of the most brilliant achievements of its class. For a mere handful of men, numbering but little above four thousand, to make a descent upon a hostile coast, to march sixty miles into the interior, to rout a force twice their strength and possessed of a powerful artillery, and to

subsequently occupy the capital of the country, is surely a feat of arms which has rarely been excelled.

During the progress of this expedition the British frigates had carried on a most harassing warfare on the enemy's coasts, sailing up the Potomac and other rivers, and plundering and destroying all Government stores within their reach.

The next spot selected for attack by General Ross's force was the city of Baltimore, some fifteen miles from the nearest convenient point of debarkation. An American army opposed the advance but was routed with great loss, the gallant Ross most unfortunately receiving his death-wound in the action. The British pushed on, but on arriving in front of Baltimore, it was found to be strongly fortified with extensive field-defences, and still more strongly held. The officer who had succeeded to the command wisely decided not to risk an attack with his small force, where a repulse would mean annihilation. The withdrawal was successfully accomplished, the Americans not venturing to attack in the open, and the troops re-embarked unmolested and eventually sailed for Jamaica.

Two months later the ships conveying the troops which had served at Washington and Baltimore proceeded to Negril Bay. Here they were joined by a fleet under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane (with whom came General Keane to take command of the whole force), and reinforcements in the shape of the 93rd Highlanders, nine hundred strong, and five hundred men of the 3rd battalion 95th Rifle Corps (the present Rifle Brigade). Two West India regiments, each eight hundred strong, with two dismounted squadrons of the 14th Light Dragoons (now 14th Hussars) and detachments of Artillery, Rockets, and Engineers completed the force. These troops,

together with the brigade originally embarked at Bordeaux and the 21st Foot, made up a total of almost exactly five thousand of all ranks or, omitting the black troops, who were found to be not very valuable allies, of three thousand four hundred British soldiers. It was soon known that the objective of this new expedition was New Orleans.

This town is situated about one hundred and ten miles from the mouth of the Mississippi and is built on a narrow strip of land on the river bank, the other side of the town being protected by densely wooded morasses, beyond which, a chain of lakes and creeks communicate with the sea. At the time of these operations the entrance to the river, in addition to the natural protection afforded by a bar over which heavy vessels could not pass, was defended by some very strongly situated forts. Sir Alexander Cochrane and General Keane decided to avoid these obstacles, and to attempt to surprise New Orleans by carrying the troops in boats up the creeks to some point as near the town as it might be possible to reach. It was, however, very soon discovered that the Americans had considered the possibility of such an attack and had placed large boats, each carrying six heavy guns, on the lake to bar any advance by that route. An expedition was accordingly organised of fifty ships' boats, many armed with carronades; and our sailors after a gallant attack, in which they lost heavily, boarded and captured the whole American flotilla. The troops were now landed on a swampy desert spot called Pine Island, an operation which, owing to the distance the boats had to be towed between the vessels and the land, lasted from the 16th to the 21st of December; and on the 22nd the advanced guard, consisting of the

4th Foot, 85th Light Infantry, and 95th Rifles, with rockets and two three-pounder guns, were landed at the head of a swampy creek within ten miles of New Orleans.

And here was committed one of the many errors of the expedition. This advanced guard, only sixteen hundred strong, instead of waiting in concealment near their point of debarkation until reinforced by the main body, pushed on alone towards New Orleans, and at noon halted and prepared bivouacs on the tongue of land between the river and the marsh. Just before nightfall two American vessels dropped down the river and opened a tremendous fire of grape and canister from their heavy ships' guns on the unprotected bivouacs, inflicting severe losses on the British. Then, after dark, the enemy made a determined onslaught on our camp, surrounding it on three sides, and only being driven off after desperate fighting at close quarters.¹

The remainder of the force was meanwhile being conveyed by the sailors with extraordinary despatch from Pine Island to the point of debarkation, and General Keane, having withdrawn his advanced guard to a village some little way from the river, concentrated his whole force there by the 24th.

On the 25th Major-General the Hon. Sir Edward Pakenham, of Peninsular fame, who had been appointed to succeed General Ross, arrived from England. He saw at once that no advance was possible until the Ameri-

can vessels had been got out of the way. This was accordingly done on the following day, one of the vessels being destroyed and the other making her escape, and arrangements were now made for a general advance on the morrow.

During the night the Americans harassed our outposts unceasingly, firing at the sentries, at the officers on their rounds, and into the piquets; acts which roused the well-merited indignation of the British, who had hitherto been accustomed to fight an enemy with somewhat clearer ideas of the customs of civilised warfare, which do not regard it a soldierly accomplishment to assassinate individual sentries or fire into the bivouacs of sleeping men.

Early on the 28th the British forces advanced, and after a march of four or five miles found the American army in a strongly entrenched position behind a canal, with their right resting on the Mississippi, in which the ships and a number of gunboats were anchored ready to flank the land defences; powerful batteries had also been erected at intervals along this line and on the opposite bank of the river. The British continued their advance, but were met by such a storm of shot and shell, both from the lines covering New Orleans and from the ships and batteries on the flank, that they were compelled to withdraw out of the fire they could not reply to. Pakenham, seeing that the enemy could not be dislodged from their position by any other means, decided to send for some ships' guns and make an attack after the manner of a regular siege.

On the night of December 31st, 1814, six batteries were thrown up, and armed with thirty heavy guns brought up from the fleet by the sailors with extraordinary promptitude. Early on the first day of the new year fire was

¹ Captain Andrews of the 95th Rifles, to whose diary I am indebted for much information about the expedition, relates the following incident of this attack:—"A singular epistle was found in the pocket of an American officer who was killed. It ran as follows: 'DEAR GENERAL.—The Enemy having profaned the Land of Liberty I intend attacking them this night, and hope you will be ready with your Corps to join us and dip your Spoon into a Platter of Glory. Yours, &c., JACKSON, Commanding.'"

opened. At first this caused great havoc and confusion among the Americans, but, having in the interval also landed heavy guns, and many more of them into the bargain, they soon rallied and completely overmastered the British batteries; and once again our troops had to be withdrawn, having effected nothing.

Pakenham now decided to detach a portion of his force by night to storm the enemy's batteries on the far side of the river, while a frontal attack would be simultaneously delivered by the main body of his troops. In order to carry out this scheme it was necessary to cut a canal from the head of the creek, where he had disembarked, to the river, for the passage by boat of the troops destined for the turning operations. This project was set about with extraordinary vigour, and by the 6th of January was completed. Meanwhile the 7th Royal Fusiliers and the 43rd Light Infantry, each eight hundred strong, two splendid Peninsular battalions, had arrived under Major Lambert, bringing up the total number of British troops to six thousand. The American forces, securely posted in their lines, were reckoned at about twelve thousand.

Pakenham's design was to pass across fourteen hundred men to the right bank on the night of the 7th; and he reckoned that this force would be able to march up the river bank and seize the American batteries by dawn on the 8th, when a general attack in two columns was to be made. Unfortunately, when only a few boats had been passed through the newly excavated canal, the soft soil gave way and the channel became hopelessly blocked; it thus came about that the detachment thrown across the river numbered only three hundred and fifty instead of fourteen hundred, and, owing to the delays, was four

miles from its objective at the time the attack on the lines was delivered. With marvellous intrepidity this small force pushed on and stormed the enemy's batteries, too late, however, to prevent their having taken a deadly share in opposing the main attack. Thus the whole plan of attack fell through; and to add to the trouble the officer, commanding the regiment detailed to carry the ladders and fascines by which the stormers were to cross the canal in front of the lines, neglected to carry out his orders. The British troops had therefore to be halted, under a murderous fire from about thirty heavy guns, to wait for the fascines, &c., while the ships and the batteries across the stream, which had not yet been stormed by the detached force, opened a terrible fire on their flank. Our men fell by hundreds: Sir Edward Pakenham, riding forward to rally the troops, was killed; and soon afterwards both General Gibbs and Keane, commanding the two columns, were wounded, the latter mortally. A portion of the right column, consisting of the 4th and 21st, gained the parapet, but for want of ladders were unable to effect an entrance and were shot down by scores. Some of the left column (three companies of the 21st) had actually penetrated the lines, but for want of reinforcements was driven out again, and our troops, without leaders, eventually fell back in great confusion. The retreat was, however, admirably covered by the Rifles and those two fine regiments the 7th and 43rd, which, having been posted in reserve, now advanced and by their bold front prevented the enemy from attempting to pursue the defeated troops, while the victorious detachment across the river received orders to retire and rejoin the main body. Our losses were very heavy, fifteen hundred out of the five thousand who actually

formed for the attack of the lines having fallen. General Lambert, who had succeeded to the command, wisely decided not to renew the attempt on such a strong position with his diminished forces, and made a skilful withdrawal to the ships.

Private Timewell's diary embraces the period of the operations commencing with the arrival of the 43rd at Pine Island to their termination. He appears to have duly chronicled all the events of the campaign with remarkable accuracy, as a comparison of his diary with that of an officer in the 95th Rifles proves. The diary is kept in the same small book in which he wrote his *Peninsular Notes*, a line separating his *PASSAGES THROUGH THE CONTINENT* from his account of the New Orleans Expedition which he aptly heads, *Now to proceed to America.*

After the withdrawal of the British Forces from the lines of New Orleans, a brigade was detached to reduce Fort Boyer guarding the entrance to the Bay of Mobile,¹ while the remainder of the troops were landed on Isle Dauphine. Timewell's account of the flora and fauna of that desolate spot is given *verbatim*, and he seems to have had exceptional information on these matters. He caustically remarks that the Generals and Staff occupied the only huts on the island, while he and his comrades were greatly tormented by mosquitoes, flies, and a number of alligators. In his further description of the *reptilia* of the region he apparently felt that he was getting a trifle out of his depth, for he very prudently cuts short his account with the remark that there were "several others *too tedious* to mention."

In March, 1815, the news of the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and America reached the Expeditionary Force and shortly afterwards the

¹ Which operation was successfully carried out.

troops sailed for England. The only adventures chronicled during the return voyage was on the occasion when the captain "lost his latitud (latitude)" which, Private Timewell remarks with great gravity, "is very dangerous." The concluding entries deal with the landing of the 43rd in England and its embarkation a few days afterwards to join the British Army then marching from the field of Waterloo on Paris. The last entry, evidently added long afterwards, is the brief announcement of his wife's decease in 1825.

NOW TO PROCEED TO AMERICA.

On the 13th of October, 1814, we received orders for our embarkation, which took place on the 14th at Plymouth at Divels Poynt (Devil's Point) on board His Majesty's transport *Ocean*.

We set sail on the 26th with a prosperous gale: nothing extra till the 18th of November, about one o'clock, [when] we crossed the Traffic Line (Tropic of Capricorn). Proceeding on our course until the morning of the 4th December, we perceived the islands of Dominico (Dominica) and Mantainico (Martinique) to our larboard. We sailed past them; they seemed to be very mountainous. There we met with the *Venerable* (74) who is stationed there. Nothing extra till the 9th instant; then we passed the island of Gardlop (Guadaloupe) and Sandemengo (St. Domingo), very high lands; I cannot give you any more [information] about them being a great ways off.

On the 11th we came in sight of Jemaca (Jamaica); it is very mountainous and the climate very warm. We met with a frigate on her return home[wards] after conveying the troops to their destination. We ascertained from her that the Portsmouth and

Cork Fleets passed fourteen days before us and is on their way to join the army.

We lost sight of the island [Jamaica] on the 15th December, when a storm arose and held to the 17th in the morning; then the weather becomes more temperate. [Here it was] where we first seen the flying fish in great numbers; they are about the size of a herron (herring) and flies only when the dolphin pursues them, and they fly about two hundred yards, the same as a swallow; then the dolphin leaps six feet out of the water after them.

On the 27th December we passed the island of Cuby (Cuba); it is of great descent (? height).

On the 30th December we cast anchor where the heavy line-of-battle ships lay, and in the afternoon sailed down [to] where the remainder of the transports lay.

On the 31st, [we] received orders for disembarking and landed about nine at night within ten miles of Orleans, and encamped on the banks of the river Missipia (Mississippi), and on the morning of the 5th January joined the army [at] about eleven o'clock within three miles of Orleans.

Then we furnished working-parties to cut a canal from our gunboats to proceed up the river; both soldiers and sailors and marines were employed on this laborious occasion, and on account of the ground being so marshy we were forced to build our batteries of shugar (sugar) instead of sand.¹

¹ "The batteries and breastworks were constructed of hogsheds of sugar, which were found in the sugar-houses of the different plantations in the neighbourhood. But nothing could have answered worse than they did for this purpose, the enemy's shot going quite through them": Surtees's *TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE RIFLE BRIGADE*. The reason for this is given by Captain Andrews in his journal: "The heavy rain of the previous night, which unfortunately

When we joined the army we understood from the 95th regiment [that] there was no opposition on the morning of their landing. We then marched and encamped under the enemy's works near the lake leading to New Orleans. The enemy had stationed in this lake a frigate and several gunboats for the protection of the town, and on the evening of the same day the enemy sallied out unawares and rushed into the camp whilst the soldiers were busy in cooking and refreshing themselves. But the 95th and 93rd regiments got under arms, and with little or no loss on their side soon made the enemy retire in great confusion, leaving many dead on the field. I am sorry to regret the loss of a few brave officers and soldiers on the above occasion.

Nothing else happened during this night, but the next morning the enemy kept [up] a constant fire from their batteries; and the frigate and gunboats was standed (stationed) on the River Misipia which greatly annoyed our working-parties.

All necessary regulations being arranged for the general engagement on both sides of the river, the Commander of the Forces, Lieutenant-General E. M. Peckingham (Sir Edward Pakenham) give his orders for the different regiments to form [for] the attack on the enemy.

On the night of the 7th January, 1815, [we] finished a battery of nine 24-pounders, and all was builded of barrels of sugar. Then the order was issued that the army was to be drawn up in close column [as] near as possible [to] the enemy's works, the whole moving from their camps

dissolved a quantity of the sugar, rendered our batteries useless, and our men and guns were left exposed to the enemy's fire. Some sailors were ordered up and gallantly advanced under the fire of the enemy and withdrew the guns."

so as to arrive at their appointed station about eleven o'clock at night [ready] to commence the engagement a little before daybreak on the morning of the 9th. A rocket was to be thrown up at that hour as a signal to engage in all quarters. The 85th regiment, with sailors and marines, crossed the river Misipia before daybreak in armed boats, and landed before they were perceived by the enemy, and took possession of two forts without any considerable loss, whilst the remainder part of the army was engaged on the right bank of the river leading to Orleans. Close to the banks of the river they had two batteries which commanded the left angle of the enemy's position. A storming-party, consisting of 400 men with a proportion of officers and non-commissioned officers, first made the attack and took one fort, but afterwards was repulsed with a great loss for want of a sufficient support.

The troops in front of New Orleans was the 4th, 21st, 44th, 93rd, and 95th regiments; the [latter] led the attack; the 43rd Light Infantry and 7th British Fusileers formed the reserve line. A part of the 44th and 5th West Indian regiment were employed to carry the scaling-ladders and bridges [fascines] for the purpose of ascending the enemy's works, which proved in vain on account of the depth of the ditch that was thrown up in front of the enemy. There was a tremendous fire of cannon kept up from their works.

The Commander of the Forces observing the misconduct of the 44th regiment,¹ who was employed in

carrying the ladders and bridges, rode up immediately, but before he could reach the spot he received his death-wound. He immediately despatched an order to General Kain (Keane), a few minutes before he expired, to withdraw the army, but before General Kain could complete this order he was also wounded, which rendered him incapable of taking the command. Major-General Lambeth (Sir John Lambert) being the only one left, obeyed his orders, leaving entrenched the 43rd Light Infantry and 7th British Fusiliers, up to their middle in water, the 95th covering the retreat. I cannot

wooden bridges, &c., over the ditches which lay in the way, that no delay might take place when they were called upon to act. I was sadly disappointed at our not meeting any other commanding officers engaged in this most necessary duty, and at the time I expressed my apprehensions as to the result. I pointed out to him the different manner in which the business had been conducted previous to the assault on Badajoz and previous to the attack on the enemy's position on the Nivelle, where every commanding officer, or others who had any particular duty assigned to them, were brought to ground from which it was clearly pointed out to them how they were to move and act; but here all seemed apathy and fatal security, arising from our too much despising our enemy. This latter, I believe, was the principal cause of our not taking the necessary precautions and consequently of our failure, particularly the commanding officer of the 44th ought to have been brought and shown where the fascines were lodged, that no excuse of ignorance on that score might be pleaded." Subsequently, describing the assault on the lines, he writes: "But the 44th with the fascines were not to be found. Their commanding officer had taken them considerably past the redoubt where the fascines were placed, and when he bethought him of what he had to do, he and his men were obliged to turn back to seek them, and thus, when he ought to have been in front to throw them into the ditch to allow the other troops to pass over, he was nearly half a mile in rear, seeking for them."

But I believe it would not have availed much had they been there in time, for the right column never reached the point to which it was directed owing to the dreadful fire of every kind poured into it.

¹ The failure of the attack and the causes which led thereto are thus ably described by William Surtees of the 3rd batt. 95th Rifles, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair. "After dark, I went with my commanding officer and adjutant to view the ground over which our battalion was to march next morning, and to find out the

bestow too much praise on the above corps for their mysterious (? meritorious) conduct of that day.¹

About eleven o'clock at night, we spiked a nine gun battery, and then we retired in regular form to the encampment of the 21st and 44th

¹ In the Journal of Captain Andrews is the following passage: "The 95th were sent forward about midnight with orders to approach within musket-shot of the embrasures and fire upon the artillery-men. We advanced without being perceived and extended along the front of their works.

... Day dawned and we found ourselves without support close under the enemy's works and with no cover whatever, too near for the guns to bear on us, but they commenced a heavy fire of musketry. ... Then followed the abortive attempt of the columns to advance, and Captain Andrews continues: "When I looked towards the rear, I beheld the troops flying precipitately, a similar disgraceful scene I never before witnessed in any former actions. I gave directions to my men to remain in their extended position, conceiving that the attack would be renewed. The enemy did not quit their ramparts, except some cavalry that advanced along the road near the river, but soon retreated upon our left company opening a fire upon them. Several regiments who did not fire a shot sustained a great loss. Among them the 93rd had their colonel killed and about 300 men killed and wounded. [This was by the cross fire of some thirty heavy guns.] The surviving British general and admiral having decided not to renew the attack, a flag of truce was sent in, to take off the wounded and bury the dead. An American staff-officer, who came out, said to Colonel Smith of the 95th [afterwards Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal], 'Well, if these are Lord Wellington's generals you have here, we would not mind if his Lordship himself was present.'" The Rifles were "now ordered to retire a short distance but still to remain extended in front, until the guns were taken to the rear by the 7th and 43rd who had remained in reserve. About 11 o'clock at night we retired to our former position after spending near 24 hours not very agreeably." The losses of the five companies in this perilous undertaking were seven officers and one hundred and five riflemen killed and wounded. Captain Andrews continues: "We felt much chagrin at the unfortunate issue of the day, and vented our hearty maledictions on the principal cause of our failure [Colonel Mullen] who was afterwards tried by a court-martial in Dublin and was cashiered."

regiments, who was ordered to the rear, about five miles.

Here we remained in front of the enemy, under a constant fire from the enemy for ten days, always accoutred and ready to stand to our arms, as we did not know the minute we [might be] surprised by the enemy. Day and night we had strong outlying piquets posted for that purpose, so you must consider our uncomfortable situation when we were not allowed to encounter (*sic*) or shift ourselves. Indeed we thought every hour a day whilst we remained in this wretched state, besides, the coldness added more to our miseries. Every day we were issued out half a pint of spirits per man, which was of great service to the health of the troops.

On the afternoon of the 18th January, 1815, about the hour of ten, the piquets was ordered to be drawn off, except the sentries, who remained to three o'clock the next morning to take off the attention of the enemy whilst the remainder was retreating, which was performed in the most solitary (? soldierly) manner along the banks of a lake, thirteen miles of swampy ground, and on the morning of the 19th we encamped among a thicket of canes. This is a small island which was enclosed from the enemy, where we had strong outlying piquets, so that we rested secure until every necessary preparation was arranged for our embarkation, which took place on the 2nd of February.

After setting fire to our camp [we] went down the lake in boats to our different transports; we remained on board for five days, then we weighed anchor and sailed for the island of Daughin (Dauphine Island) and disembarked on the 8th.¹

¹ Three battalions were at this time engaged in the reduction of Fort Boyer, the remainder of the Expeditionary Force being landed on Dauphine Island.

The length of this island is ten miles, in breadth, in some parts, two miles. It is a complete wilderness; at the upper end of it are a few shabby huts, the residence of a few Spaniards who were fishermen. Those huts were occupied by the Generals and Staff of the army.

Round the shore of this island are great banks of white sand as fine as flour; besides a great variety of trees to be seen, such as Black and Green Tea, great number of Saxafax (Sassafras), Cedar, and Bay trees. The climate is extremely warm besides; [we were] greatly tormented by miskeaties (mosquitoes), flies, and a number of alligators of a great size. The head is like a calf, the under jaw never moves, the tail like a fish and its fore paws is like a Christian's; hardly anything can pierce its scales; they are about fifteen feet long; we killed one of them. The turtles is plenty, and very beautiful, and several others too tedious to mention.

We remained there to the 4th of March, 1815, when we weighed anchor and left sight of that island with a fine breeze.

On the 21st [we] came in sight of Cuby; nothing worth noticing; it has chiefly Spaniards [for] inhabitants. The capital is Havana; it has strong walls for its fortification, mounting 360 pieces of cannon besides several forts of great strength. This intelligence we had from a native of the place.

On the 25th and 26th crossed the Gulf of Florida. On the morning of the 3rd April, a dreadful storm which held for two days, and many of the ships lost their foremast and sails torn to pieces. We lost the fleet the same night.

On the 27th April the weather gets very cold; we enter on the Banks of Newfound Land; at 12 o'clock p.m. we are 1541 miles from England.

On the 29th, to our great astonishment, we perceived prodigious mountains of ice floating on the sea, they reached to our sight about four miles in length. This night we lost our latitud (latitude), which is very dangerous; but on the 30th the Captain told us we were 1244 miles from England.

The weather becomes a little warmer, and on the 1st of June we comes in sight of England and cast anchor at Spithead. On the 3rd weighed anchor and sailed for Dail (Deal). On the 4th June arrived, and on the 5th disembarked and marched to Dover.

June 16th: Embarked for Holland. June 16th: Disembarked at Hostend (Ostend). July 6th: Joined the army. July 7th: Lined the walls of Paris. July 8th: King Lewis XVIII. enters Paris. July 24th: Reviewed by the Duke of Wellington, Emperor of Russia (Russia), King of Prusha (Prussia), and the Emperor of Ost-ia (Austria).

You must think it very wonderful when we were in three summers and two winters in the space of ten months, and which is more curious, we have been twice in the West Indies, once in America, twice in England, and twice in France, all in ten months. I am to incence (! acquaint) you with the summers and winters and the different countries. We landed from France, the 5th June 1814; *that* was one summer, and once in France. Embarked on the 28th October for America and it was winter as far as the West Indies, there we were forced to cover the decks with sails to shade us from the sun; *that* was *two* summers. Passing the Bay of Newfound Land, we were almost frozen to death; *that* I reckon as two winters. Disembarked at Dail (Deal) the 5th of June, *that* was the three summers. Embarked on 16th for Holland and all in the space of ten months.

So this finishes my small book.

My wife died on the 17th of May, 1825.

It was most unfortunate for us that the main attack on the lines should have been entrusted to regiments, some of which had not served under the Great Duke in Spain and thus had not had any opportunities of being trained in that great school of war. Surtees, an eye-witness of the whole affair, says: "I would have employed the 7th and 43rd in the post of honour instead of keeping them in reserve. They, as is well known, had each established a reputation for being the finest regiment in the service. . . . Far different was it for those who unfortunately led the attacks, for, except one, they had not any of them been conspicuous as *fighting* regiments."

On the other hand, the admirable conduct of the 85th Light Infantry, the Sailors and Marines, who despite the smallness of their numbers, succeeded so thoroughly in their desperate task across the river, should not be forgotten, nor that of the 93rd Highlanders, who lost their colonel and over four hundred men without being able to return a shot.

Captain Andrews is less sweeping than Surtees in his condemnation of the regiments engaged, which, it must be remembered, were not only exposed to a murderous cannonade from big guns in front and on flank, but also to a new weapon, the rifle, at that time almost unknown in European warfare. The latter enabled the Americans, who were mostly excellent shots, to keep up a fire which the British troops, owing to the short range of their smooth-bore muskets, could not return. That this fire was

not far more destructive than it proved to be, was mainly due to the fact that the 95th Rifles, who alone were armed with similar weapons of precision, kept some portion of it down from the works.

In summing up the causes which led to our failure, Captain Andrews's remarks are certainly entitled to some consideration, since they were written at the time by one who not only was an eye-witness of all that occurred, but was also in a position to judge tolerably correctly of the behaviour of the troops formed in rear of his extended line of Riflemen, which line he commanded after two officers senior to him were shot. "The character of the British soldier," he writes, "was tarnished by the disgraceful conduct of a single regiment; with that one exception there were never finer troops employed against an enemy, who would have had fatal experience of our quality if he had encountered us in the field." He shares the views of many that the first error committed was by General Keane in not advancing after the action of the 23rd December, the second being that of General Pakenham, who, upon finding his canal useless and all his plans disarranged, should have countermanded the attack before dawn. Lastly, he contends that General Lambert, even after the first repulse of the British columns, "might have moved up the 7th and 43rd regiments so as to allow the other regiments to rally, and, with the 95th Rifles still in front, to advance and renew the attack, particularly as he knew that Colonel Thornton had completely succeeded on the other side of the river. General Jackson would then have had a different story to relate; I suspect his *Platter of Glory* would have been upset."

NOVELS OF UNIVERSITY LIFE.

It is odd to think how much earlier the novel of University life, as that life is understood in Universities on the English pattern, might have been but for the curious fact that only one of the great English novelists of the eighteenth century had had any experience of it. Three of them, the three latest, were women, and, though we do get a vivid touch as to John Thorpe's Oxford experiences in *NORTHANGER ABBEY*, they could not be expected to know much about it. Indeed one may be curious to know whether even Miss Austen's diemonic faculty of guessing the truth about everything, or avoiding what she could not guess, failed her in that odd calculation of the wine drunk in Thorpe's rooms by pints. The great John, it will be remembered, illustrated his dictum that "there is no drinking at Oxford now" by the remark, "you will hardly meet with a man who goes beyond his four pints at the utmost," though the "famous good stuff" in his own case tempted men to five pints. Why pints? A moderate man dining by himself no doubt would even then proceed by pints; but why, in company, desert the sacred and convenient bottle? I wish some scholiast on Jane would look into this point.

But to return; of the greater and earlier masculine quartette, Fielding most unfortunately went from Eton, not to Oxford but, to Leyden. Richardson's lot did not fall in the way of University education at all, and Smollett was a Scotchman. Only Sterne heard the chimes of either St.

Mary's at midnight in the regular way; and Sterne's University days were over by more than twenty years when he at last took to writing novels. His adventures at Cambridge with the future author of *CRAZY TALES* might possibly have been amusing, though they pretty certainly would not have been edifying; but they found no bard in him. By the time when he took up the pen he was thinking of the chapter of York and the yokels of Sutton and Stillington, of the charms of the adventurous Kitty Fourmentelle and the opposite qualities (which made him *agrotus et fatigatus plus quam unquam*) of poor Mrs. Sterne, of sentiment and sculduddery, of queer reading and quaint typographic tricks, of anything, in short, but the simple and mostly healthy ways of not too studious youth.

There is only one novelist of the eighteenth century, so far as I remember, who has brought University life in at all vividly, and that is Frank Coventry. *POMPEY THE LITTLE* (though Lady Mary thought it good because, as she very frankly allowed, she knew all the people) is not much read nowadays. But it has various merits, not the least of which is that the author, though a brother of the craft, admired Fielding as he ought to be admired, and expressed that admiration in language not unworthy of Thackeray himself. Coventry was a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and he makes his hero pass some of the later chapters of the book at that University. Unfortunately the lap-dog's

days were drawing to a close, and his biographer does not linger over them. But we get some lively touches, — the information that an undergraduate's journey to London in those days was called "going on a scheme," a sketch of the fellow-commoner of the period as one who "enjoys the conversation of the fellows," and an extremely promising outline of a young don, one Mr. Williams. I do not think that the description of Mr. Williams's day has yet found its way into any of our numerous selections; but it is quite worthy of a place in them, and its quality may be judged even here from the neat label on the bookish part of this young pundit's employments, "removing the *SPECTATORS* into the place of the *TATLERS*, and the *TATLERS* into that of the *SPECTATORS*." But not quite twenty very small pages are allotted to this division of the subject, and clearly not much can be expected in so scanty a room.

Earlier of course there is even less. If novels instead of dramas had been in fashion in Elizabethan days, or if Nash, who knew Cambridge so well, had chosen to devote himself to Jack Wilton's adventures at the University, we should have had something to speak of; as it is, there is the matter, though not the form, of the thing in the three striking plays of which the best known is *THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS*, a few glances and passages in other plays, but nothing more. The character-writers of the seventeenth century are again tantalising; and from Earle in particular, if Sir Walter had chosen to take his hints on this subject, as he has some other and much slighter ones, in *THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL*, the manners and the men of Merton in the days when queens (and other persons of that sex) had it for their lodging

might have lived for us again. In Pepys, of course, as well as in others, there are the same flashes and glimpses to show what might have been made if the men and the hour had come; but they had not, and there is no more to be said. "It is a provocation, but not strong enough to disturb a wise man's patience," as that cold-blooded time-server Osborn ("my father Osborn," whom Pepys himself admired so much and followed more than he should) observes with his usual coolness in reference to the possible destruction by Puritan fanaticism of the Universities themselves.

Yet the English Universities and their silent sister Trinity College, Dublin, (not in literature by any means so silent) would have, in these and succeeding times, given far better subjects than the general idea of them derived from Whigs and prigs would suggest; I fear we must in this particular connection allow that even the great Mr. Gibbon, though not one of the first, was one of the last. Anyone who knows that odd book, *TERRE FILIUS*, knows that there was plenty of character in at least the Oxford life of the earlier part of the eighteenth century when, moreover, the constant presence of more or less Jacobite intrigue gave a flavour far different from anything known since. Byrom, Gray, and others give fainter indications of Cambridge, besides that actual sketch of Coventry's; but the great novelists let this matter almost entirely alone for the good reason given, and even the lesser ones touch it little and with no life-giving hand. An acquaintance, not exhaustive (which is impossible) but even considerable, with the ruck of novels in any but one's own time can only be attained by some singular combination of opportunity, leisure, and taste. But I cannot think of any novel mainly,

or in any large part, devoted to University life before Lockhart's REGINALD DALTON, which appeared in 1823.

Yet if Stephen Penton, Principal of St. Edmund Hall (whose odd and pleasing little book *THE GUARDIANS INSTRUCTION, OR THE GENTLEMAN'S ROMANCE* (1688) has just been reprinted) had acted up to his second title, as he easily might have done, we should have had the University novel a hundred and forty years earlier than it came. But Mr. Penton did not fully carry out "the Romantick manner of writing" in reference to that "idle, ignorant, ill-bred, debauched, Popish University of Oxford," as he sarcastically calls it, or supposes it to be called. He is, on the whole, rather didactic than romantic. This is almost a pity, for he has some of the liveliest touches: the father's arrival at Oxford; his disgust at hearing "roaring and singing"; the Proctor's diplomatic consolation to the effect that it was only two riotous townsmen; the importance of not letting a boy come home for the first year lest his studies be broken and he see bad company (a delightful topsy-turvature from our point of view); the danger of frequenting bowling-greens and racket-courts; the necessity of paying bills quarterly, of going to University sermon, and of *not* keeping a horse. Then, just as the trait of the "boy clinging about his mother and crying to go home again" makes one wonder whether the scene is laid utterly in the moral antipodes of the Oxford that we know, there comes a final touch which shows the real identity. The tutor has asked the father and sisters to "a commons with him." As he has talked very ascetically they fear scant entertainment, and "the girls drank chocolate at no rate [which is to say, 'like anything,'] in the morning for fear of the

worst;" whereas they had "silver tankards heaped upon one another," "glasses fit for a Dutchman," and an entertainment big enough for ten. "Pretty much like our own," says Mr. Rigmarole.

IN REGINALD DALTON, as in some of its companions, we see the comparative slowness with which the novel separated itself from the conventional romance. Some of Reginald's experiences were perfectly true to life in Lockhart's days. The duel, for instance, which in seriousness or comedy had a curious hold on University novels, and appears as burlesque even in MR. GOLIGHTLY, was of course no very uncommon event in 1823. Just about that time Lockhart's friend, Sir Alexander Boswell, had been killed in one; and he himself had, by a narrow and painful chain of chances, in all probability escaped killing, or being killed, in another. I do not know whether research has discovered the last serious duel at either University, but one might have occurred much later. At the same time, if Lockhart had been as great in novel-writing as he was in criticism he would probably have omitted the duel, because, though a possible, it was, after all, a rare accident, and did not form anything like part of the ordinary career of an Oxford man; but the traditions of the romance required it, or something like it, and so it, with other time-honoured ingredients, was added.

I have always myself preferred to REGINALD DALTON the brief references to Oxford in PETER'S LETTERS; the "lounging away the golden morning after lecture," the early dinner and the wine in Trinity Gardens, the rowing afterwards with innocent tea and bread and butter at Sandford, and the regular conclusion of bread and cheese and bishop at x. p.m. Tea and bread and butter were not,

I think, much consumed at Sandford in the second and third quarters of the present century, but perhaps they have resumed their sway. As for bishop, you may meet persons of virtue and distinction who do not know what is the liquor whereof Lockhart, with a solemnity unusual in him, pronounces, "Wine is mulled everywhere, but bishop is *Oxonian*."

Yet REGINALD DALTON itself is not to be despised, for all its lack of construction, the absence from it of really life-like character, and the strange, but then not uncommon, mixture of sentimentality and boisterousness, of Mackenzie and Smollett, which we find in it. It is difficult to say whether the Oxford scenes are too highly coloured or not. We have very few documents to control them by, and in them, as in the book generally, may be traced a certain touch of the deliberate exaggeration of the *NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ*, of which Lockhart was one prime founder, and to which he was at this time contributing freely. Town and Gown rows lasted much longer, and, in degenerate forms on special occasions, are not quite extinct yet. But one does not see how such a combat as that here depicted could possibly have ended without nearly as much slaughter as that which marked the Feast of St. Scholastica herself, or how the very limited strength of the bulldogs and the few city constables could possibly have dispersed it. Discipline, again, was lax in those days; but could, even then, any college have suffered one of its tutors to be insulted and almost assaulted by an out-college man, without so much as an enquiry into the matter? However, one never knows; and I should say that the chief fault to be found with Lockhart's book is not so much the extravagance of any incident, as a certain over-stretch of general tone.

Sir Walter was but just teaching the novelist that it is not necessary either to guffaw, or to weep, or to lecture, at the top of your voice and a little beyond it.

Since Lockhart showed the way there have been not a few novels which have made University life the main, and many which have made it a part, of their subject. The greatest of these latter, the greatest of all by far, is of course PENDENNIS. Perhaps there is no better example on the one hand of Thackeray's special power, or on the other of the way in which the true and great novelist always generalises and idealises, than the Oxbridge chapters of this great book. Despite the novelist's intention to combine the two Universities as far as possible, there is no doubt just sufficient Cambridge flavour to identify the original; but there is hardly enough to make the picture really unfaithful to Oxford. The "eternal undergraduate" is caught under the habit in which he temporarily lived, and through the manners and circumstances in which he was locally set. The thing transcends the mere humours of University life, the mere comic business of scouts (I beg pardon, skips,) and bedmakers, though it does not exclude them. The rise, the reign, and the decadence of Pendennis, and the progress of his studies and his expenses, the agreeable digression on the prize-poem which unluckily (like Thackeray's own) was not a prize-poem, the admirable philosophy of Foker, the great dinner to the Major, the dawn of the dice, and the catastrophe,—all these things fill but a few pages of that grace-abounding book, but how finally and completely! You may read PENDENNIS, read it again and again, before, and during, and in the longer and less rosy days after, your own stay at Oxbridge, and find no difference in it, however much there may be in yourself. If the Book of

Oxbridge has a very little less piquancy than the later Book of the Press (to split up the epic in the usual way), it is only because it stands less alone. Nobody else has done the other well at all; but nobody has done this so well.

The principal things between REGINALD DALTON and PENDENNIS, whose authors had more in common than most of their contemporaries, were the rather ignoble grotesque of PETER PRIGGINS, and Charles Kingsley's chapters on Cambridge in ALTON LOCKE; while later a third, but more conventional and fictitious representation of this latter University appeared in Smedley's FRANK FAIRLEIGH. Oxford had its revenge later. THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN fixed the comedy of University life as it existed during, at least, the greater part of the nineteenth century, after a fashion which attained popularity and almost deserved fame; the more serious side occupied, at almost too great length, the attention of Thomas Hughes in the well known sequel TOM BROWN AT OXFORD, while Henry Kingsley, a little later, gave a brief, but admirably vivid Oxford scene to that ill-constructed but excellently detailed book, RAVENSHOE. Of later books, except one, the date of which I do not clearly know, I shall say nothing. In reference to the actual life of a University, when he has once left it, a man is in worse condition than even Farinata and his companions in the INFERNO. He knows what it was when he was a man and lived too; he can guess and understand what it was earlier; but of after times,

Nulla sapem di vostro stato umano,

"we know nothing of your states as men" must be his true confession. Even the statements of those who are, and have been in that state since

convey little real information. So here, adding CHARLES O'MALLEY, the *locus classicus* for Dublin, and Winwood Reade's LIBERTY HALL, as a sidelight on Oxford, let us conclude our list.

And of some of these we must speak but shortly. Few sketches of Oxford life have been more truthful than those in the earlier chapters of TOM BROWN AT OXFORD (though I have known some fault found with the boat-racing) and the crowning scene of Blake's wine and Chanter's supper is done with power. But the author does not seem to have been at home in the purely novel-setting of the story; and few, I think, have held him quite successful with Hardy, the bible-clerk. In fact the whole is a little out of drawing, though perhaps no book of the class contains better details. The Cambridge scenes in ALTON LOCKE (which Kingsley changed a good deal in the later editions of the book) supply by dint of these changes rather a valuable document for the social historian; but otherwise they are hardly the best part of the novel, and Lord Lynedale is, like Hardy, what Carlyle would have called a clothes-horse rather than a man. The University part of RAVENSHOE is still slighter; though the picture of "hay-making" is one of the most spirited literary records of that destructive pastime, part-cause of the prosperity of many generations of University upholsterers. And the Cambridge passages of FRANK FAIRLEIGH, really amusing as some of them are, suffer a little from the fact that their extremely ingenious author was still, to some extent, in the bondage of Theodore Hook's school, of the artificial, half-comic, half-sentimental romance. Not merely in the duel, but in other things we are here curiously close to REGINALD DALTON, though that book is thirty years older in date of writing than Smedley's, and nearly

forty years older if we look at the date of Lockhart's actual experience of Oxford.

Not quite so briefly must CHARLES O'MALLEY be mentioned, though here also the University passages are a mere episode in the most episodic of books. How indeed could any man pass in silence, or with mere mention, the name of Francis Webber? It may be true that in all his debauches of chronology, probability, and construction Lever never committed a greater enormity than in regard to this excellent person, whose college career extended, so far as we can calculate, despite accidents and outrages which would have cut short that of most men in a few months, to about four or five times the length of the ordinary life of collegiate man,—to wit from the existence of the Irish Parliament (1800 at the latest) to the battle of Waterloo in 1815. The critic in such matters will take refuge in the paradox of the author of PALMERIN OF ENGLAND, when he described the giant Princess Arlanza as "ugly, yet graceful withal, and of much manner and gaiety." The gaiety is certainly not lacking in the legends of the halfpenny that walked, and the advent of the dragons at high-table, and the incomparable impersonation of the Widow Malone. Charles himself plays quite a second fiddle to Webber. Indeed, except when he is clearing that eternal stone wall, or performing other feats proper to a hero, it is in the friends of Charles rather than in Charles, their friend, that one is interested. As how should it be otherwise with one who preferred Lucy to Inez and Baby Blake? But Lever touched Trinity life as he did so many things from first to last, with a strange touch,—half of genius, half of blunder, never quite succeeding, but never wholly failing, and in either case doing rememberably.

The author of PETER PRIGGINS, J. T. Hewlett, has other seemingly University novels attributed to him by the Dictionary of National Biography, but I never saw any of them. This one, which appeared without an author's name and as "edited by Theodore Hook" in 1841, is a scarce book and a dear, owing to the mania for collecting illustrations by Phiz. The plates are pretty, though I cannot believe that in the most intoxicated ages undergraduates habitually sat in their rooms with their caps on. The letter-press will, I fear, prove disappointing; it certainly proved so to one who read it after many years. Although the book has a vague reputation for enormity (chiefly based on a Gargantuan orgie at Mr. Slip-slop's "Great-go Wine") it is fairly harmless; but it is not good. The calculated desultoriness, the jerky improbability of adventure, the studied facetiousness of all the school of Theodore are heavy on it; and the kitchen-French of Mr. Priggins's wife, the humours of the scouts, Broome and Dusterly, are but tragical mirth. Nor does Hewlett make the best of his opportunities. He spoils, in telling it, the Brasenose legend of "and then I fondoos 'em," and makes the cook pronounce the word *fundoh*, which is absurd. His learned coachman, Lynchepynne, is not a good study of "the classic Bobart" for whom, I suppose, he is intended; and the sporting scenes, the humours of a retired actor who keeps a tobacconist at Abingdon and is induced to re-tread the boards, and so forth, are but faint and very feeble echoes of Smollett. On the whole the dons (who are not as a rule libelled or caricatured) are more human than the undergraduates; and the Bursar's idea of a dinner in his own rooms for himself, the Dean, and the senior tutor,—spitch-cocked eels, saddle of

mutton, snipe, and a *fondue*, with just a bottle of port apiece afterwards—is by no means a bad one. It avoids at once the barbaric plenty which used to be charged against Oxford meals, and the kickshaws of modern times. It was a pity the cook spoiled it. Perhaps the worst fault of the book is its extreme vagueness. It is vague both in local and, so to speak, temporal colour and in other ways. If it be contrasted with the firm touches which, even in his immature work, Thackeray was then giving, sometimes in reference to the same subject, this becomes particularly noticeable; nor does PETER PRIGGINS suffer much less from the comparison with the work now to be noticed, though it be by a much lesser man than Thackeray.

There are few odder books, if their circumstances and origin be taken into consideration, than *THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN*. Laymen writing about law and clergy, ladies writing about parliament or clubs, Frenchmen writing about England, Americans attempting to imitate the vulgar speech of England,—all these are by-words, and justly by-words, for slips and errors. But it is doubtful whether the unhappiest of them ventures on such a perilous task as a man who is not of the University writing about the University, or a man of one University writing about another. There was once an unhappy novelist who placed his hero at Cambridge and made him “have a few holidays in consequence of the death of the Greek Professor,” an event which might draw forth the tears of the Muses by Cam, or, for the matter of that, by Isis, but which certainly would not bring about anything in the shape of holiday or working day for any man by either. But Edward Bradley, who, in gratitude to Bishop Cosin and Bishop Hatfield (for whom as a Durham man he was more especially bound to pray)

called himself Cuthbert Bede, and who never, I believe, paid more than visits to Oxford itself, seems to have had a strange imputation of genius. I myself did not know Oxford till some dozen years after the publication of *VERDANT GREEN*, while the condition of the University had in that time, owing to the operation of the first Commission, altered probably more than it had done in a hundred years earlier. There were no bedmakers, in most colleges at least, any longer; the Proctor was no longer “plucked,” and the very word was giving way to another. Yet *VERDANT GREEN* was true in the really important things still to a very great extent, and the singular fashion in which the author had been able to unite the passing with the abiding features made it more true still.

A good deal of this no doubt was due to the fact that here at any rate Cuthbert Bede takes rank with the real makers; he turns out men and even women, not lay figures. In such other works of his as I have read,—*GLENCRAGGAN* and what not—he does not display this faculty; he is clever, —some of his nonsense verses are very clever indeed—but not much more. But Oxford seems to have touched, stranger within her gates as he was, at once his ears, his eyes, and his lips. His happiest strokes might not have been attained before Dickens; but how few of the imitators of Dickens have attained anything like them, and how seldom did Dickens himself know how to restrain himself to the effect of them! The grave and fatherly admonition of the scout, when Verdant, in his new-born thrift, suggests that the remains of his commons shall be saved, to the effect that fresh bread and butter are far better for his master's health than stale food; the punctiliously exact prescription of the bed-maker as to the

sovereign effect of three spots of brandy on a lump of sugar in spasms, and her congratulations to Verdant on his wedding,—how these things differ from the tiresome insistence of some imitators on similar characteristics! With what real art are the various episodes wrought together to make a whole! How little padding there is, and how lightly and easily the stock Oxford jokes (some of them almost perennial and, as it has been suggested, concocted by King Alfred in the Brasenhus in the intervals of drawing up the statutes of University College) are brought in, touched off, and left without tedious dwelling!

But undoubtedly the book would not approach positive greatness so nearly as it does without Mr. Bouncer. Dates suggest that Mr. Bouncer may have owed something to another person, that he would not have been quite what he was if Foker had not been. But there is no copying, and I am not absolutely certain that there was complete priority in the heir of the beer-vats. At any rate, Mr. Bouncer is at once himself and also one side of the eternal undergraduate aforesaid. I remember, when I was perambulating Christ Church Meadows in the intervals of an examination for a Postmastership, seeing a small man in a coat and cap, of I do not at this distance of time know what college, struggling to thrust off a punt and ejaculating, "And they had much work to come by the boat"; and I remember looking into that punt hopefully, but doubtfully, to see whether Huz and Buz were there. They were not; they could not have been; but the soul of their master, which the Reverend Cuthbert Bede had so cunningly fixed, was somewhere about beyond all question. And I should be glad to think that it is there still,—still "very short," still desirous of two

ponies, still capable of making practical and agreeable use even of ponies of a different kind from that hoped for, still as full of good fellowship as of mischief, and of not too bookish intelligence as of both.

And Verdant himself is a person too. He is a muff, but not merely a muff. Even the implacable veracity of wine discovers nothing discreditable in him. If the expression be imperfect, the sentiment is undeniable in "Oxful fresmul, anprow-tittle!" It is not everyone who in the circumstances would have retained the delicacy which animated his appeal to "myfrel Misserboucer" for permission to apply that phrase to his new acquaintance; and the appreciation of the "jollitlebirds" shows soul, just as the indignation which, at a much later and more conventional part of the story, is incited in him by the sight of "His moustache under Her nose" shows manliness behind those gig-lamps.

In short, to drop falsetto, Cuthbert Bede in this good-humoured extravaganza showed the possession of two qualities which novelists of much more ambitious pretensions have by no means often possessed in the same measure,—a remarkable faculty of assimilating and mastering the outward details of his subject, and a faculty not much less remarkable of making his slight and fanciful sketches of persons alive. As he certainly never at any other time showed the first of these faculties to anything like the same effect, and never at any other time displayed any great grip of the second at all, it is not foolish to suppose that there was some singular pre-established harmony between himself and his subject in this particular case, that the hour and the man accorded, as they do too seldom in literature. The thing of course is a trifle, a

burlesque, or at best a farcical comedy. One only wishes that the serious things of literature, the epics and the tragedies, were always or often done half so well. They say that close upon a hundred and fifty thousand copies of the book have been sold; would that these dubious arithmetical distinctions were often so justly earned!

LIBERTY HALL, which appeared in 1860 dedicated to "My dear Uncle" the "Author of *IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND*" is a queer, and in parts a decidedly grimy book. Its author's description of it is remarkably accurate: "Clumsy, disjointed and unconnected,—a book written at two different eras and in two different styles; here spotted with those vulgarities which youth mistakes for power, and with those awkward jests which may scarcely be strained to the title of jocularity; there filled with those rhapsodies which are misunderstood and ridiculed by those who have never felt and can never appreciate them." As a matter of fact, the first volume deals wholly with Oxford; the second mainly with rabbit-shooting and other country matters; the third with the Shetland Islands. The Oxford part,—which is written in a queer contorted style suggesting, as does also its attempted realism, the ways of a generation later—is extremely minute in detail. The Schools in particular have never, I think, been so minutely painted; and the author's indignation at the fiendish examiners who ploughed his hero in Smalls, is rather ludicrously sincere and felt. But Mr. Winwood Reade must have been unlucky in his associates. I have breakfasted, within a few years of the date of his book, in a sufficient number of colleges, and I never saw men throw bones under the table, or gormandise in such a bestial hurry that they put clean plates on the top of dirty ones to save time and

trouble. The book, crude as it is, is not without power and suggests experience; but the best thing in it, so far as our subject is concerned, is a chapter describing the manner in which the hero economically saved seven and sixpence by not going out riding, and then spent about £8 in buying things he did not in the least want, while idling about the High Street instead. With vivid touches here and there, the whole thing is out of drawing; there is no sustained character in a single figure; and, even if the uglier features were removed, the chaotic want of construction and the exaggerated tone would be abiding objections.

I do not know what may be the precise date of **MR. GOLIGHTLY, THE CAMBRIDGE FRESHMAN**, by Martin Legrand, which seems to have been designed to rival **VERDANT GREEN**. The date of my copy is 1878, and there is no indication of its being a re-print, but the costume of the illustrations is far older. The book, though not offensive, is terribly feeble. Of its truth to Cambridge ways I cannot judge; but of that truth to life, a little conventionalised and "fantasticked," which has been praised in **VERDANT GREEN**, there is not a vestige. The hero, though amiable enough, is next door to an idiot; the hoaxes put upon him by his companions have no thread of connection or plausibility, and they themselves are all lay-figures or bundles of rags. One rather life-like sketch of a "coach" alone redeems the book from utter deadness, and this is very slight. Elsewhere, characters without life move, or stick, in scenes without connection like a boxful of badly dressed marionettes emptied anyhow on a table. If Mr. Martin Legrand had had the courage to write merely a succession of separate sketches,—the gyp, the bed-maker, the drag, the tobacco-

shop, and so forth—after a fashion set long ago by Bishop Earle of Oxford and brought to perfection by Mr. Thackeray of Cambridge, he might have done not so badly. But as it is, he tried to make a book and failed; and his volume is really nothing but a direct foil, and an indirect tribute, to the excellence of that really remarkable work in which the Oxford life of many generations was depicted by Edward Bradley.

Perhaps the day of University novels, as such merely or mainly, is a little past. It came naturally when the Universities themselves became objects of interest and places of possible sojourn to a larger proportion of people than had been the case earlier, and while this condition was more or less new. With completer vulgarisation the special attraction of the subject may cease. But it must always

be a possible episode or chapter, more particularly in that biographical novel which has been desiderated, and which would in effect be a kind of revival of the old medieval romance such as it was when it began with Ogier the Dane as an infant in the cradle, and left him either in grizzled age or rapt to fairy-land. For there can be, or should be, few passages in life with greater capabilities than that when a man is for the first time almost his own master, for the first time wholly arbiter of whatsoever sports and whatsoever studies he shall pursue, and when he is subjected to local, historical, and other influences, sensual and supra-sensual, such as might not only "draw three souls out of one weaver," but infuse something like one soul even into the stupidest and most graceless of boys.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL the next day I watched and waited in vain for a chance of speaking to Iridé, for I knew better than to confide anything to paper, but she did not go out. Towards evening, however, her maid came down, and I made a pretext to gossip a little with the girl who had been despatched upon an errand to town by her mistress.

"Is the Signorina ill?" I enquired. "She has not been out to-day."

"Well, no, one can hardly call her ill," answered the girl; "but they say in the kitchen that there is trouble brewing for her. The Baron talked to Signora Bartholi for nearly an hour this morning alone in the drawing-room; and after that the Signora went to my mistress and talked to her, and since then she has done nothing but cry; and for that reason she has a headache."

"What can be the matter now?" I asked. "One would fancy that such people had everything they could possibly want, and had no earthly need to shed a tear."

"They say in the kitchen," began the girl—

"Well, what do they say in the kitchen?" I enquired. "Surely I may take a little interest also in matters up-stairs. It is best to be good friends with the *portinaio*, you know; he keeps the keys and can let his friends in or out on the sly, eh, my girl," and I winked at her. She was very pretty, but my action was, I hasten to say, merely executed upon Thomas's behalf.

"Well, then, they say that the

Signorina's father will not allow her to marry a handsome Englishman she met in Switzerland."

"Ah, well, we can't all have our own way," I said sagely.

"The Englishman was handsome, it is true," went on Vanna (that was her name) reflectively; "still it must be a fine thing to be a Princess——"

"Is the Signorina to be a Princess then?" I enquired pricking up my ears.

"So they say, in the kitchen," answered the maid: "but, Signor Portinaio, I must go now," and she tripped off, though not before I had chuckled her under the chin. I am almost as ashamed to chronicle these frivolities as I felt at the time to commit them, but I salved my conscience by reminding myself that such actions, however unbecoming in one of my years and discretion, were nevertheless done in a good cause.

I set to work upon a new waistcoat for my old customer Luigi Fascinato, and kept a good look out for Vanna's return which was in about an hour.

"Tell me more of this Prince when you hear anything, Vanna," I said; "and don't forget that it won't do to quarrel with the *portinaio*."

She gave me a smile as she ran up-stairs, and I regret to say kissed her hand to me also. I sighed as I reflected to what risks my zeal for Thomas's happiness was exposing me; but it could not be helped, and I valiantly resolved that, if absolutely needful, I would even go so far as to kiss Vanna in order to find out the Baron's intentions with regard to his daughter. Her mention of a Prince

sounded very ominous, for it seemed that not only was Baron Mancini determined that his daughter should not marry Thomas, but that he had already selected a prospective bridegroom. It appeared to me that things were going to move more rapidly than we had any idea of.

The next morning the Baron sent for me. As I entered his room he was standing by his writing-table fingering a large visiting-card. It slipped from his hands and fell to the ground ; I picked it up and returned it, but not before I had read the name upon it, beneath a crown, *Prince Leerbentel von Wusteburg*. Then I waited for the Jew to speak ; he turned to put the card aside, and I thought how easy it would be to stab him where he stood, but not yet, I reminded myself, not yet. I would dupe him first, thwart his schemes, fool him to the top of his bent,—and then I would hurry his soul to its appointed place.

"Have you any information to give me?" he asked, settling himself heavily in a great leathern chair.

"With regard to the information Herr Baron requires, I know something. The person I watch is an Englishman named Willoughby, Christian name Thomas. He lives in the Campagna Visetti on the Vienna road ; he has an English manservant ; he has travelled, and has collected a few curiosities ; he has been already, I believe, about a year in Soloporto ; he is not rich," I concluded with a comprehensive glance round the room, "but he is a gentleman."

My last remark slipped off my tongue before I could prevent it ; the temptation to contrast this purse-proud, ill-bred Dives with Willoughby had been irresistible, though I acknowledged to myself that its indulgence had been unwise. Baron

Mancini started up and his heavy jowled face grew a dusky red. "What do you mean?" he thundered. I assumed an air of respectful astonishment, and stood in mute interrogation ; a second later the man recollected himself and grew calmer. "Do you know anything more?" he asked sulkily.

"Not at present, Herr Baron."

"Then you may go. Come back when you have anything to say."

The chief result of this interview was to impress upon me the importance of restraining my tongue as well as my hands ; but before taking any further steps in any direction I felt that it was absolutely necessary for me to see Iridé and speak to her, and how to do this without exciting suspicion I could not imagine.

Fortune for once was kind. The day after my interview with her father the young lady came down dressed for walking and accompanied by her maid, whom she promptly sent up-stairs again for a parasol which had been forgotten. Then the girl spoke to me, and at her first glance I knew she was in earnest and my mind grew easier for Thomas. Iridé was pale, and there was a wistful droop about her lovely mouth, while a new depth had gathered in her wonderful eyes that looked straight into mine when she spoke.

"You know everything," she said simply ; "help me,—ah, do help me ! There is no one else !"

The tears fairly gathered as she put her sadness into words, and such distress might have moved a heart much older and harder than mine. I raised her hand, kissed it, and spoke rapidly. "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock you will go with your maid to walk in the Giardino Publico. Keep at the end furthest from the entrance, and trust to me." I had

no time for more; Vanna was returning, and I did not yet know how far she might be confided in.

That evening I went to see Thomas, who received me with open arms. In previous circumstances I had never had to complain of any want of cordiality on his part, but the pleasure which my present visit provoked was, I well knew, not of my own inspiring, and the situation set me thinking of the strange and seemingly crooked courses of human nature. Iridé had never worked for him as I had, never nursed him back to life as I had, never been his companion for months together as I had, never smoothed his difficulties nor cheered his depressions as I had, and yet—here I checked my train of thought, perceiving that if I had been a woman I might almost have been called jealous. After all, the thing was but natural; and, as an American writer has justly observed, "There's a deal of human nature in man."

"Yes," I said in answer to his unspoken question, "I have news for you. You must make up your mind as to how far you are prepared to go, and how far the Signorina will follow your lead."

"Is that brutal father of hers going to carry her off, then, from Soloporto?" he asked, looking a little anxious.

"No, not that I have heard," I answered; "but *you* will have to do it if you wish to marry her. She is already destined for someone else, and Baron Mancini, as you are already aware, is not a person who cares to have his plans interfered with."

"And who is my poor girl to be forced to marry?"

"She is to be sold,—excuse the word, but I cannot find any other which expresses my meaning so well—to Prince Leerbentel von Wusteburg."

Thomas instantly consigned his

Highness to warmer regions than any he could have hitherto inhabited, and then asked me point-blank what he was to do next.

"You are to be in the Giardino Pubblico to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and if you keep at the end furthest from the entrance you will see Signorina Iridé. But remember, you must find out without any waste of words exactly to what length the lady is prepared to go. After that I will manage things, and you must both obey me implicitly. If there are three of us plotting instead of one, the end of everything will be confusion and failure."

Fortunately for us conspirators Baron Mancini was not an early riser, and at five minutes to eight I let out Iridé and Vanna who went off in the direction of the Giardino. Ten minutes later I followed, for I feared that valuable time would be wasted and was every moment apprehensive of some untoward incident which might betray my own complicity and thus render me an object of suspicion. I soon found Vanna sitting discreetly upon an empty seat and gazing with owl-like intensity at a thick clump of bushes beyond.

"And what might you be staring at, Vanna?" I asked.

"My mistress is behind there," said the girl.

"Then why have you left her alone?" I asked severely. "It is very wrong."

"Chut," said Vanna, "you don't understand! The Englishman is behind that bush also."

"Ah!" I said, putting my finger against my nose; "and what would the Herr Baron say if he knew that, eh Vanna? And what would you say, for instance, if I told him the tricks you are playing?"

"You would not betray her?" cried the girl, turning suddenly pale with

fear. "Surely you could not be so mean——"

By this time I had found out precisely what I wanted to know. Vanna was staunch enough and might be trusted. "No, no," I said quickly; "live and let live; that is a good motto. What difference can it make to me who the Signorina cares for? But I should be really obliged if you would run to the corner of the road and buy me a morning paper; I always take a glance at it here before beginning my day's work. Here are the *soldi*; I will stay and watch, till you return."

Vanna disappeared, and, reckoning upon five minutes of speech with Thomas and his sweetheart, I ruthlessly made my way round the clump of bushes, thereby overhearing a fag end of the conversation.

"I won't be a Princess," sobbed Iridé.

"You sha'n't," said her lover promptly, and he kissed her as I came into sight. This naturally caused a little subsequent embarrassment, but I promptly assumed command of the situation. "Look here," I said, "you must not waste any more time. What arrangements have you made?" Iridé looked at Thomas, and Thomas looked at Iridé, but both were mute; it was quite evident that no arrangements had been made.

"Signorina," I said, gravely addressing the girl and feeling just as if I were a new sort of priest, "are you willing to marry the gentleman your father has chosen for you?"

"No, certainly not," she said firmly.

"And you," I said turning to Thomas, "are you ready to risk anything to marry the Signorina?"

"Everything!" said Thomas.

"Then," I said, "there is only one way to matrimony for you two; you must run away. And if you mean to do that, make up your minds at once,

and don't forget that you may be caught in the act. It is best to count the price before you pay."

"I am ready," said Iridé, looking her lover bravely in the face, and blushing beautifully as she did so.

"I am ready too," said Thomas, putting his arm round her and drawing her nearer.

"We are both quite ready, Signor Romagno," said Iridé who, I must admit, looked at that moment perfectly bewitching.

"Very well," I said, "then I will do my best, and you must neither of you hesitate to do as you are told; and don't suppose that this sort of thing,—these early walks in the garden—can be continued with impunity. I am quite against such meetings; they excite suspicions and, now that I know your minds, can lead to no good. Very likely you may not be able to meet again until you elope together," and thoughtfully leaving them to digest my last words in the seclusion of the big clump of bushes, I slipped round it again and sat down on the seat just as Vanna appeared with my paper.

That afternoon Prince Leerbentel called, and I had an opportunity of seeing what manner of rival was in the lists with Thomas. One glance dispelled any idea that Iridé could be made to swerve from her allegiance to her lover. His Highness was a tall, lean man of any age between thirty and sixty. In person he might once have been handsome, but now his perfectly bald head and weary lack-lustre eyes did not add to the attractions of his appearance; there was a cruel cynical curve in the mouth, and a worn hard look upon the features. The Prince had, it was evident, lived every moment of his life, and was perhaps now beginning to wish that existence held more possibilities for those like himself. I gathered subse-

quently that he was received with much adulation by Baron Mancini, with trembling courtesy by Signora Bartholi (who would fain have seen her niece happy but lacked the courage to resist her brother's commands), and with a cold and dignified reserve by Iridé herself, in spite of the inimitable grace with which this suitor had kissed her hand and addressed himself to her. This attitude on her part gave rise to a stormy scene between herself and her father after the departure of the Prince,—a scene in which, strengthened by her interview with Thomas, the girl had ventured to assume a firmer attitude than heretofore, and been heartily sworn at for resistance to parental orders. But these details reached me gradually, having permeated through the Baron's kitchen and been conveyed to me by Vanna. As her informant had been the cook, and the cook's informant had been the butler, and the butler's news had been gleaned through keyholes and door-chinks, I salted it all liberally, though I fancied there was a stratum of truth about matters.

For two or three days nothing remarkable happened. I conveyed a note to Iridé by Thomas's earnest wish, but I assured him it must be the last as, though I thought Vanna might be trusted, there was always the risk of written communications being discovered; then, finding me obdurate on this score, he played a bold trick which caused me great alarm.

It was now the end of November; the town was full again, the theatre, with various social festivities, was in full swing, and Baron Mancini, accompanied by his lovely daughter, went out a great deal. One evening they had gone to dine at the house of another millionaire baron and I was ordered to expect their return about midnight, the Baron warning me specially to turn out the gas on the

stairs for fear of waste, and to be ready with a lantern. In spite of his enormous wealth this man still clung to various petty ideas of economy, and his gas-bill was one of these.

I took advantage of his absence to pay Thomas a visit, and we passed a very pleasant hour together, though he was naturally a little anxious as to the future. I assured him that it would not do to precipitate matters, but that the moment Iridé's marriage seemed imminent I should be prepared with some plan. My friend accompanied me on my way back to the Corsia Giulietta, and begged leave to loiter somewhere near in order to see his lady enter the house on her return.

"She will look exactly like her aunt in her cloak and at a distance," I said; "you won't be able to tell which is which, and very likely you may waste a lot of fervent apostrophe on Zia Bianca. At the same time the street is free, and if you like to stay in it that is no affair of mine; only pray don't come near enough to excite any suspicion or to startle Iridé."

I went into the house, leaving him on the pavement at the other side of the road,—a situation to which I thought he reconciled himself with wonderful docility—and went up the stairs to fetch the lantern. When I returned with it, alight and well-trimmed, I went to the door and was pleased to remark that Thomas's figure was no longer visible; either he had taken the sensible course of going home, or he had effaced himself in some doorway. As I stood looking out I heard the carriage coming, and set the door wide open. The first to enter was Baron Mancini, and the two ladies followed immediately. I have said that the rooms I occupied were like small boxes one above another, and squeezed so close to the staircase that from my bed-chamber window, which opened inwards and was dis-

creetly curtained, you could easily grasp the broad stone beading of the balusters. The master of the house was not remarkable for manners at any time, and the reader will not therefore be surprised to hear that he led the way up-stairs. He had drunk quite as much wine as was good for him and his heavy face was flushed, the chin sunk in his chest, as he climbed up in his usual ungainly fashion. His sister followed, Iridé came next, and I brought up the rear, holding the lantern high enough to light the broad steps ahead. What was my amazement to see as we passed the fourteenth step that my bedroom window was open! By this time the Baron was on the eighteenth stair, and Zia Bianca one stair behind him; both were clear of my narrow window in front of which Iridé was passing, when, with a movement which I can only compare to that of a Jack-in-the-box, I beheld to my horror the head and shoulders of Thomas Willoughby suddenly appear and project themselves forward. The girl gave a little gasp, half fear, half pleasure, as her lover bent forward and kissed her in far less time than it takes to write it. For one second I paused in hesitation; then, as Zia Bianca turned and asked her niece what ailed her, I put out the lantern, an action to which the Baron, roused by the sudden plunge into darkness, responded with a stronger exclamation than gentlemen generally use in the presence of ladies.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Herr Baron," I cried, as the whole party came to a standstill; "the lantern is badly trimmed," and making a tremendous scratching with the match-box I carried in my pocket I soon got a light again, and we reached the door of the Baron's apartment without further accident.

As I came down again after offer-

ing obsequious apologies for my supposed clumsiness, I felt anything but pleased with Willoughby, who had run such a risk for the mere gratification of a sudden whim; and I resolved that I would fully convey my displeasure at our next meeting, for I was not foolish enough to suppose that Thomas would await my return to my own quarters after such a manoeuvre.

For three days, however, I could not get away, and on the morning of the fourth something happened which obliged me to begin a few arrangements. Iridé and her maid had gone out about eleven o'clock, her father a little earlier, and at mid-day a cab drove up and put all three down in a very different condition from that in which they had set forth. The Baron was looking furious, and desired me to keep the cab in a voice that trembled with rage. Iridé was very pale, with a hard glitter in her eyes, while Vanna crept up-stairs crying close to her mistress. Ten minutes later she came down again and asked me to help her to carry her box, which I put on the cab. When I enquired what was the matter she only cried the more, and murmured something incoherent about the Englishman. What could have happened?

I soon knew all about everything, for I was presently sent for by Baron Mancini.

"Has that girl gone?" he enquired directly I set foot in his room.

"Yes, Herr Baron."

"Have you anything more to tell me about the Englishman Willoughby?"

"Nothing, Herr Baron, except that he is still in Soloporto."

"I know that," he growled; "I caught him speaking to my daughter this morning, but he had gone before he knew I had seen him. Have you ever let him into this house?"

"Never, Herr Baron, seeing your orders were to the contrary."

"You must prevent his meeting Signorina Mancini."

"But Herr Baron," I protested, "the streets are free; it is impossible——"

"Listen," he said, as a sudden thought struck him; "there are plenty of people in Soloporto who will do what they are paid to do, and I can pay anything that is asked. The Englishman must be assaulted and rendered incapable of going about in Soloporto."

My blood boiled as the man spoke, for I knew that what he said was true enough, and that his plan could have been easily acted on. I must find some excuse. "But, Herr Baron, the gentleman is English."

"What difference does that make to me?" he said.

"The English have a terrible way of getting to the bottom of things, and there is an English Consul in Soloporto," I said meaningly. "If such a sad occurrence were traced to the Herr Baron——"

My suggestion evidently set him thinking. "Then I must keep the Signorina indoors till her marriage contract is signed, or she must only go out with me."

These plans must, I felt, be checked at all hazards. "But, Herr Baron," I said, "the Signorina's health may suffer, and her beauty be impaired, if she remains always at home; and to be always with the Herr Baron will be often perhaps inconvenient. There is still another way——" I paused for encouragement.

"Well, go on," he said ungraciously.

"If the Herr Baron were to send the gracious Signorina away, how could the Englishman know where she was? If he, on the contrary, were to leave Soloporto I should soon find it

out; but so long as he is here, and the Signorina elsewhere, it is clear they cannot meet."

His face grew a little easier. "Your idea is not a bad one," he condescended to say. "Till the contract is signed in a fortnight's time, my daughter might go away with Signora Bartholi, and in the meantime you must keep a watch upon the Englishman. Do you want more money, your wages raised, eh?"

"No; as I have previously allowed myself to remark to the Herr Baron, my wages suffice," I answered.

"Were you always a *portinaio*?" he asked suddenly.

"As the Herr Baron has doubtless guessed, I have had reverses," I said. "Some are born in the drawing-room and fall to the gutter; some again are born in the gutter and climb to the drawing-room; on the whole perhaps the drawing-room manner looks better in the gutter than the same process reversed. Doubtless the Herr Baron has noticed the same thing in the course of his wide experience."

My manner was the incarnation of deferential respect, but the rascal shifted a little uneasily in his chair. "What do you want most of all," he asked; "money?"

"No, Herr Baron."

"Do you want, perhaps, to set up as a gentleman? You are proving useful to me, and I do not grudge any reasonable recompense."

"I fear Herr Baron that I am now too old to *begin* to be a gentleman."

"Well, you seem to have thought yourself one once, from what you say," he sneered; "but if you prefer the *portinaio's* box——" he shrugged his shoulders.

I found the greatest difficulty in restraining myself, and felt that this interview must come to an end as soon as possible. "I require nothing but what time will bring me," I said

quietly, though I felt as if the words burned my lips as I spoke them. "Perhaps when my present work is over I may take something from the Herr Baron, but not till then. And now I will take the Herr Baron's permission to retire."

That afternoon I tried in vain to settle to some of the work lying ready to my hand. I put a peg or two into a boot I was mending for Bina Kovavich; then I sickened of the leather and laid it down. I threaded my needle and put a couple of stitches into a coat I was turning, then flung it aside. I dipped my pen in the ink to write to Thomas, but I could not trace a word. I could think of nothing but the Jew up-stairs; my fingers would only move to my hidden knife. I felt no compunction, no hesitation, no regret, save for the delay which I had imposed on myself out of regard for Thomas.

As I sat buried in these thoughts a tiny click of the big door, which was closed but not locked, made me look up. I knew that no one was out; it must then be a visitor, but one who was an unconscionable time in coming in. The door moved so slowly, so softly, that I began to fancy it might not be moving at all, and that the whole thing was an hallucination; I gazed at it and saw that it really did move. The dull afternoon was closing in; it was nearly time to light the gas, but a sudden final beam struggled from a sun half wrapped in clouds, and fell through the little window on the opposite stair, piercing the gloom of the entry like a lance of misty fire. It illuminated every little detail in the square half yard of window-space which limited its light. In the vivid radiance that fell upon the door, I saw the heavy iron handle, the grain-ing of the paint, the great steel key that shone with a fickle gleam; I saw the edge of the opening door, and a

creeping horror seized me as I wondered, yet knew, what was to come. The door moved with an extraordinarily slow, regular motion, till it was just sufficiently open for a human being to pass through; then I saw a hand, a thin, wrinkled, yellow hand with curved nails, a hand that grasped the edge of the wood; then a glimpse of black drapery,—another second and full into the flare of red light came the face of my familiar, of her who for more than a year had never failed me in my murderous moments.

I sat spell-bound, while the deep dark eyes stared out from under the lace overhanging her brow. I saw her hawk-like nose, her thin lips that moved over her clenched teeth, then slowly the sunbeam faded, and slowly, silently, mysteriously as they had appeared, the woman's face and hand faded also from my sight.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the next afternoon I went up to the *campagna* and found Thomas in the act of going out; upon seeing me, however, he instantly threw aside his hat and coat. "By George," he cried, "that was a near thing! If you had been five minutes later I might have missed you. What's the news?"

"Baron Mancini saw you talking to his daughter four days ago, and came up too late to give you the piece of his mind which you would otherwise undoubtedly have shared. I am inclined to think that the Signorina in consequence heard your share as well as her own. She came home in trouble, and her father packed Vanna off at once; since then the Signorina has not been out. This is your fault for neglecting my warning about caution and meeting in public places; it is all of a piece with that trick upon the stairs the other night, by which,

but for my presence of mind and your sweetheart's nerve, we should all have got into trouble. What could have induced you to run such a risk, under the Baron's very nose too!"

"I think that was the reason," he said apologetically. "For the life of me I couldn't help it. If you were in love with Iridé you would understand. What is going to happen next?"

"I hope I may be requested to procure or recommend another maid," I answered, "in which case I shall introduce someone I can trust. In the meantime the marriage contract with Prince Leerbentel is to be signed in a fortnight. Until that ceremony takes place I, having had the honour to be consulted on the subject by Baron Mancini, have recommended that Signorina Iridé shall be sent away from Soloporto in order that no more meetings between you can take place."

I watched Thomas's face as I spoke; he looked first incredulous, then amazed, then doubtful, and finally furious. "You are doing your best to get Iridé out of Soloporto?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes," I answered, looking straight at him.

I will not chronicle his words during the next two minutes. If you are properly roused, and have a fair command of language, you can get a good deal of abuse into two minutes; Thomas Willoughby occupied the hundred and twenty seconds in invective against Baron Mancini and myself, and against his own stupidity in trusting me. Being a philosopher, his speech did not trouble me in the least. I let him speak out his mind, knowing that process to be extremely beneficial to young men, especially those in Thomas's situation. I lit a cigarette, and allowed his eloquence to run its course.

"Have you anything to say?" he

enquired satirically, when at last he had had enough of the sound of his own voice.

"Plenty," I answered, "when you are ready to listen. Take a cigarette and a chair; I cannot collect my ideas when you are ranging up and down the room in that frantic way." He acceded to my wishes so far as to stand still, and I began. "The Baron requested me to prevent your speaking to his daughter, a thing which I pointed out was impossible; the measures he suggested for accomplishing the same end were, either that his daughter must remain indoors till the contract was signed, or that she should only go out with him. Either course would naturally have been very inconvenient to you." Thomas began to be interested at this juncture and allowed himself to take a chair. "The old gentleman put in another alternative," I went on, "which was delightfully simple, and would have been exceedingly easy of execution in Soloporto, but which, I fancy, would have been even more fatal to your projects. He proposed the hiring of bravos to assault and maim you so that you would be conveniently kept out of the way. Perhaps that plan would have suited you better?" It was my turn to be satirical now.

"Go on," he said humbly; "I beg your pardon."

"Now, will it be easier for you to carry off Iridé under her father's nose, or at a distance, eh?" I asked. "I was not born yesterday, my friend!"

"You are a genius!" he said looking at me enthusiastically.

"Not at all," I answered; "but neither am I a fool. I have pointed out to Baron Mancini that, so long as you are in Soloporto, you cannot meet Signorina Iridé if she is elsewhere. I am to keep my eye on you and let him know if you leave the town; of

course, if I find it convenient to tell him you have gone twenty-four hours after your departure, you will have twenty-four hours' start. But things are beginning to dawn in my mind. If Signora Bartholi is sent, where I hope she may be sent with her niece, I can see a clear way; but it will take a little time to plan the details. In the meantime you must on no account leave the town, or have the air of hiding yourself."

"Tell me something more," he pleaded; "just something to go upon."

"Not a word," I answered oracularly. "Keep up your spirits and trust to me."

"Heigh ho!" he said; "it's weary work, all this waiting and uncertainty—if only one could do something at once!"

"You won't have long to wait," I said to console him; "in any case not more than a fortnight, though we must act as near the end of that time as possible, so as not to rouse suspicion too soon. Do not try to see me, or write to me. I will come here again as soon as I have anything to say."

I saw Wakefield for a moment before I went; he was rather depressed, because he had not been allowed to begin packing for that journey to England which was his dearest hope. "You mark my words, Mr. Romanner," he said solemnly; "we're not out o' this 'ere 'ole yet. We're goin' to stay some time."

I winked in reply, which did not commit me to any definite expression of opinion; for though Wakefield guessed a good deal, he had not been thoroughly informed of what was going on.

Then I went back to the Corsia Giulietta, reaching my lodge just in time to receive a telegram for Baron Mancini with which I hastened up-

stairs, waiting at the door to know if there was any answer. Five minutes later I stood in the Baron's room.

"The day after to-morrow," he said, "I had intended accompanying the Signora and my daughter to Ancona, in order to make sure of their safe arrival. Now I shall be detained here according to this important telegram. I suppose you are to be trusted?"—he looked a little doubtful.

"As the Herr Baron may think," I answered impassably, with a perfectly expressionless face.

"Well, I have no one else, and the ladies cannot travel alone. The Signorina, too, has no maid."

"Would the Herr Baron wish me to procure a maid?" I enquired without the least show of eagerness. "I know a girl well recommended. In an hour's time I can inform myself if she is at liberty or not."

"Well, you can send her for me to see," he said. "By the way, where were you this afternoon?"

"I walked round by the Englishman's *campagna*," I answered guilelessly, "being wishful to know if all was as usual in that direction. I spoke with his servant."

"Ah! what did he say?"

"That they were going to stay in Soloporto for some time," I answered.

"Good!" answered the Baron more satisfied. "Well, if the maid suits she can come to-night, and all can go to Ancona to-morrow under your charge,—the sooner the better."

"As the Herr Baron pleases. I presume I may absent myself for an hour at once to fetch the maid?"

"Of course," answered Baron Mancini, and thus I left him with hopes fulfilled which I had hitherto hardly dared to conceive. The stars in their courses were fighting for Thomas,—and for me.

I hurried off at once to the Ghetto and sought Antonio Kovavich's

pretty daughter, the one who had made that dangerous bargain for the water-melon. "Bina," I asked her, "would you like a situation as lady's maid?"

"No indeed, Signor Pepe," she answered, tossing her head disdainfully, "certainly not." Why, I'm going to be married."

"Ah! and when is the wedding to be?"

"In six weeks."

"Now listen, Bina," I said. "I have come to make you a very splendid offer, which it will not interfere with your marriage to accept; I want you to take a place as lady's maid for one fortnight only, two weeks,—and at the end of that time you can leave, and I can ensure you a present of sixty florins over and above your wages; only you must be prepared to travel a little, and to do whatever I tell you. I will guarantee that you come to no harm, and that wherever you may have to go your journey back here will be paid at the end of a fortnight. Come! is it a bargain? Think what a wedding dress sixty florins will buy!"

Bina's eyes sparkled and her colour rose; she was fond of finery, and I could see was about to close with my offer. She was the very person we needed,—alert, resourceful, and with her countrywomen's invariable sympathy for a bit of romance. I knew I could trust her. "Make up your mind quickly," I urged, "or I must find someone else, who won't be so stupid as to refuse such a magnificent prospect. For old acquaintance sake I gave you the first chance."

"Very well," she said, "I will come, Signor Pepe. When am I wanted?"

"To-night; now, if possible," I said. "At any rate return with me now to see your future mistress, and say you are willing to come early to-morrow morning, if she is willing to take you."

That night, when I went to bed, I had the satisfaction of knowing that Bina would accompany us to Ancona, at which place I meant to make ample opportunities for confiding my plans to both her and her mistress, inasmuch as I should be compelled to remain for the night before finding a return train.

Our journey was quite uneventful, and after seeing all the luggage to the old *campagna* by the shore, I strolled down there to look up Toni Capello, whom I devoutly hoped to find; indeed his possible absence was the only element of doubt in my otherwise complete scheme. It became clear to me that Heaven certainly intended this elopement to take place, when I discovered the master of the *Stella del Mare* smoking a cigarette and chatting with a neighbour who was mending nets. He was overjoyed to see me, and I shared the evening macaroni and inspected the baby, who really was a pretty child, and wore the gold piece which Thomas had given him fastened to a blue ribbon round his little brown neck, from which hung also a tiny silver medal and a carved bit of coral for protection against the evil eye.

After supper Toni and I took a stroll, and when we parted everything was agreed upon, including even the amount of current coin with which, on Thomas's behalf, I promised to recompense the services of the onion-boat and her skipper. Briefly, the plan was this: Thomas would write as often as he chose to Iridé, addressing his letters under cover to Bina; when it was considered wise to take the final steps, he would write to Ancona to that effect, and thereupon Iridé would at once speak to Toni (an easy matter, seeing the garden wall was close to his dwelling), who would forthwith put to sea in the *Stella*, held ready for the occasion,

with Iridé and Bina on board. The boat was to make all possible speed for Soloporto, where she was to lie, for this unusual voyage, in the old port which is near St. Andrea station. Iridé was to remain hidden on board until the time for the evening train to Vienna. Thomas would be warned by me when the Stella came in, and would be in readiness to join us at the station. I allowed three clear days for the voyage between Ancona and Soloporto, and timed the elopement for two days before the end of the fortnight which was to elapse before the signing of the contract. In all probability Baron Mancini would himself go to Italy to fetch his daughter on the day before the ceremony, but this plan of his, I reflected with some glee, would be certainly modified. Of course directly Zia Bianca (in whom we had not confided) missed her niece she would telegraph to her brother, and the latter would probably hurry off to Ancona to make investigations; certainly he was not likely to seek his daughter in Soloporto, nor yet on the sea. Thomas would be all the time in the town, and might easily contrive to show himself to the Baron, supposing the latter for any reason began to doubt my assurances that he was still there. The lovers were to go to Vienna, and thence make their way at once to England, where they would be married as soon as possible in a registrar's office, so as to effectually prevent the Leerbentel union in case of subsequent discovery. We had to risk the Baron's tracing his daughter, for she, being under twenty-five, the Austrian age of majority, could be claimed by her father till she attained those years. I agreed to accompany them, at any rate for part of the journey, without asking leave of absence, as may be easily understood, from Baron Mancini. Once they

were safely away, my own turn came, and I intended to pay my debt to Moses Lazarich, who, I swore, should be placed beyond the possibility of further interference with his daughter's happiness.

I unfolded my plans, so far as he was concerned, to Thomas Willoughby on my return from Ancona. During my absence he had run against Baron Mancini in the street, and as the latter had scowled with peculiar ferocity there was no doubt that he had recognised his daughter's unwelcome suitor, and no doubt either that he had duly congratulated himself upon getting her away from Soloporto. My friend listened carefully and attentively to all I had to say, but demurred upon some points. "Why can't I go to Ancona and fetch Iridé here in Capello's boat myself?" he asked.

"If you absent yourself from Soloporto, and the Baron chances to find it out, he will at once suspect something; of course I should not tell him anything of your movements, but he might find out for all that, and then my credit with him, which for the present is very necessary to us, would be gone."

"Well," he admitted, "of course it is best to run no risks; still I think I am being rather left out in this matter. Why, you say that I am even to take the train at the other station, and only join you and Iridé at the junction from St. Andrea."

I pointed out that, inasmuch as he was to marry the lady and take her under his own protection as speedily as possible, he could hardly consider himself as left out. "At the same time," I concluded, "if you do not like my plan, or can think of a better, pray propose it and carry it out; only then, though I will help you to the best of my power, I shall decline any responsibility."

"Oh no," he said; "you are far better than I am at this sort of dodge, so I will do as you think best."

In this conclusion he showed his good sense, for he would have been quite incapable of conceiving or executing unaided such a scheme as I proposed; in this particular my Italian strain showed to advantage. If it had been a question of kicking Baron Mancini downstairs, and walking off with his daughter over his prostrate body, Thomas would have accomplished the matter with great pleasure and celerity. His English thews and sinews were yearning, I knew, to knock some one down, and he was half inclined to resent my preventing him from running his head against a brick wall in this fashion.

"There is only one circumstance to trouble me," I said. "Directly Iridé is missed Signora Bartholi will telegraph to her brother, and he may insist upon my going to Ancona instead of going himself. The thing is only a possibility, but it would be awkward if it happened. Of course I can disappear, as if gone to Ancona, and hide in the town till the Stella comes in; but there are two objections to that. First, the Baron may order me to send a telegram from Ancona upon my arrival,—he is quite cunning enough for that; or secondly, he may suspect something, and if he did, he could easily get the town searched by private detectives who would probably unearth me in no time. In either case things would become more complicated."

"It all seems exceedingly complicated to me," sighed Thomas. "Why can't I run away with Iridé straight from Ancona, since you have got her sent there and prevented my running away with her from the Corsia Giulietta? We could be married at once, without fuss, and——"

"Before you attempt such a thing,"

I interposed, "you had better make yourself acquainted with the marriage-laws of Italy, of which I know nothing. The marriage-laws of this country are such as to render a run-away match absolutely impossible; that is why you must make the best of your way to England. If you will do this, as I have suggested, *vid* Vienna and, say, Ostend, it will be far more difficult to trace you than if you start from a small place like Ancona and make your way, at this time of year when there is no crowd travelling as in summer, over two frontiers. If, as I hope, Baron Mancini starts at once for Ancona when he hears of his daughter's disappearance, our work in Soloporto is easy."

"Well, I dare say you are right," he said; "at any rate I can write as often as I like, which is a great blessing. Let me see; to-day is the 1st of December; that abominable contract is supposed to be going to be signed on the 13th,—in England that is an unlucky number, do you know?—on the 11th Baron Mancini will start for Ancona to bring his daughter back, and that is precisely the day on which the Stella should arrive in Soloporto with Iridé on board. Ten whole days to wait yet!" he sighed; he really was most impatient.

As for me, in addition to my usual work, which I fulfilled scrupulously in every particular so as not to excite any suspicions, I had several private arrangements to make. One day I walked to St. Andrea station with a bit of soft wax in my pocket, and found my friend Gino the luggage-porter,—long since happily married to his housemaid.

"I want you to do me a good turn, if you can," I said. "First come and have a glass of beer with me at the bar here, and get the guard who takes charge of the evening train to come with us. I suppose you know him?"

"Oh yes, I know him well enough," answered Gino; "he lives in the room next to us; but why that particular guard, Signor Pepe?"

"That is my business, Gino," I said. "The beer will taste just the same whoever may drink with you, won't it? A still tongue makes a wise head."

It was not long before we were all three standing at the bar and nodding politely to each other over the tall, heavy, narrow glass mugs, brimming with the clear amber liquid for which this country is so justly famous. The guard, as I had hoped, wore the handle of his pass-key to the railway-carriages projecting from his breast-pocket. As I drew out my handkerchief I contrived to let the big key of Baron Mancini's house fall with a clang on the stone floor. "That is a nice, light little thing to have to carry in one's pocket, isn't it?" I grumbled, stooping to pick it up. "Look at it," and I handed it to the guard for inspection. "Why can't they make door-keys after your pattern, now? They would be twice as easy to carry about and use. Let me have a look at your pass?"

The fellow unsuspectingly handed it over, weighing my big key in his hand and noting its curious steel scrolling. It was an old-fashioned and very handsome bit of work. "Well," he said, "I shouldn't care to have to carry that about with me very often. Mine is much more convenient."

"I should think so," I answered handing it back to him with the comfortable knowledge that I had a wax impression of it in my pocket; and a few minutes after we parted excellent friends.

That same afternoon, on my way back from the station, I dived into the recesses of the Ghetto and called upon a certain locksmith of my ac-

quaintance; he was one of those wise artificers who carry out a customer's wishes without asking any questions; I may perhaps add that he seldom worked for anyone as honest as Guiseppe Romagno. The result of his labour put into my pocket next day a pass-key to the carriage in which I proposed to start Iridé on her elopement. It would probably be a superfluity, but I have lived long enough to know that it is better if possible to anticipate every need, even the most wildly improbable.

As the 8th of December approached I own that I began to feel certain misgivings and fears; the chain of arrangements was complete enough, and yet I reflected that, as with my other chain, the breaking of one link would render it useless or liable to uncertainty. The telegram which we reckoned upon being despatched by Zia Bianca should arrive late on the eighth, or early on the ninth, and by it we should know that Iridé had taken the first step on her way. On the seventh I met Thomas close to the big market-square, and was imprudent enough to stop and speak to him.

"Keep up your spirits," I said "have you good news from Ancona?"

Before the words were off my tongue I could have bitten out that offending member; there, just behind me, and certainly having overheard every word, was the fat cook who had tried to marry me! She walked off on seeing that I noticed her, but there was a treacherous smile on her lips that I did not like, and as I parted from Thomas vague feelings of uneasiness assailed me. As the reader may well guess, the domestic disturbances in the Mancini family had been freely discussed by all the servants in the house; and if this woman, through spite against me, chose to put suspicions into the Baron's mind, the proper progress of affairs might at

this precise juncture be seriously imperilled.

However, nothing occurred that day, and the fateful morning of the eighth dawned dull and grey. I stayed in my lodge hour after hour, waiting to carry up the telegram which never came. In the evening, when it grew too late to expect news till the ninth, I comforted myself by reflecting that perhaps Iridé had been missed too late for her aunt to telegraph that night. But the ninth of December came, and the ninth of December went, and still no message. Late on the ninth I stole out and hastened up to the *campagna* to see if Willoughby had news. According to his last letter Iridé proposed carrying out our programme exactly, so I hoped all was well, and could only conclude that Zia Bianca was too frightened of her brother to tell him the news before she had herself searched in every probable direction. As I returned to the Corsia Giulietta I passed Carlo, the *servo di piazza*, leaning against the closed gate of the dark and deserted Giardina Publico. It was late, and, save myself and another man, who passed me from behind walking swiftly away down the street, there was no one stirring in that immediate neighbourhood, where I was surprised to see Carlo and told him so.

"I have been waiting here really on your behalf," he said.

"Why?" I exclaimed. "What have you to tell me?"

"I saw you start out nearly an hour ago," he answered, "and I noticed a man start after you. I wanted to know if I was mistaken in supposing that you are being spied upon. I was quite right; the man followed you, and must have been near you wherever you have been; he went away just as you came up,—a man with a pale face and a chin

quite blue where he shaves. For some reason, Signor Pepe, you are being tracked by a private detective; that is a clumsy way of going to work,—such people always excite suspicion. It would have been far better to have employed a *servo di piazza*," concluded Carlo, in the aggrieved tone of one who feels he has lost a possible job.

An awful apprehension stole over me, but I did not let Carlo see it. "My good friend," I said laughing, "you must be indulging in fancies. Who do you suppose is sufficiently interested in my doings to spy upon me?"

"I don't know," answered Carlo; "but I am not mistaken, you will see. You will find out in time that I am right in what I tell you."

I began to fear as I went to bed that night that my suspicions about the cook's treachery had been well founded. Doubtless the wretched woman had, out of spite, told Baron Mancini what she had seen and overheard in the market-place, and such information would be quite enough to induce a cunning man like Lazarich, or Mancini, or whatever he chose to call himself, to set a detective on my track. Such a proceeding would add greatly to my difficulties; and these fears, coupled with the singular circumstance of no alarm being given from Ancona, rendered me quite sleepless with anxiety. The reader therefore may imagine my state of mind when the tenth of December came and went and still no news. That evening I wrote and posted a letter to Thomas, bidding him not fail to leave Soloporto from the South Station on the evening of the eleventh for Vienna, and, if by any extraordinary chance I should not arrive in the capital by the same train as himself, to go to the hotel we had previously agreed upon and wait for news. Above all things he

was to refrain from showing himself outside the train (which was a through one) *en route*. The carriage in which I intended to travel with Iridé from St. Andrea was a waggon of a *coupé* and a first and second class, which was attached at the junction to the through train to Vienna from the other station.

After posting this letter I retired to bed, and, but for the assistance of philosophy, should have passed another sleepless night. My mistress,

however, reminded me that without rest I should be of no earthly use to anyone, least of all to those whom I was most anxious to serve; that after all, things would not be a whit altered either for better or for worse by my remaining awake all night, together with a multitude of other reflections equally trite and useful, to which I responded by gradually calming my rather troubled thoughts sufficiently to procure a certain amount of repose.

(To be continued.)

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SIKH SOLDIER.

So much admiration has been excited by the distinguished conduct of the Sikh regiments of the Indian Army in the recent Frontier campaign, that some account of the origin of these fine fighting men may be found interesting. To those unacquainted with Indian history it may be difficult to realise that the Sikh soldier of to-day, so brave in the charge or in the assault, so steady in retreat, so devoted, in spite of race and creed, to his English officer, should be the representative of the fanatical and savage foemen who, but fifty years ago, shook the power of Britain in half a dozen bloody battles, and earned almost as much infamy by the cruelty with which they treated our wounded as honour by the tenacity of their resistance.

The evolution of the Sikh soldier dates, however, from a much earlier period, and its history is very strange.

The Sikhs, it must be remembered, were in the beginning no nation, but merely a weak and persecuted religious community, formed by a succession of priestly rulers, known as the ten Gurus, from the Hindus who desired to free themselves from the pretensions of the Brahmans, and to find in a reformed communion a purer morality and that religious equality which had been taken from them by the development of the system of caste. This being an account of the Sikh soldier, it must suffice to say that their national religion dates from the period in the life of Nanak, its founder, when (as his disciples believe) he was carried by angels into the Divine Presence, and re-

ceived a mandate to preach the doctrine of the true God on earth. Nanak was born in the year 1469 near the city of Lahore, and had attained manhood before this miraculous occurrence, which took place therefore towards the end of the fifteenth century. Passing briefly over the gradual increase in numbers and strength of the Sikhs, we arrive, some two centuries later, at Govind Singh, the tenth and last of the Gurus, who took upon himself the task of uniting the scattered disciples of his creed into a military nation. With this object Govind Singh resuscitated the disused baptismal rite of the Sikhs, the administrator and the recipient of the baptism both shouting to the assembled disciples the battle-cry, as it really was rather than a profession of faith, "*Wah! Guruji ka Khalsa* (victory to the Khalsa of the Guru)," which may perhaps be best interpreted as "Victory to the belongings (or followers) of God."

Govind Singh was assassinated in the year 1708, by which time the Sikhs had become a powerful and warlike people, strongly united by the consciousness that by unity and vigour alone could they hope to hold their own against the surrounding power of Islam; but they had yet to await the coming of the man who was to weld their confederacies into a nation of warriors, to form for them a policy, and by long years of war and conquest, to acquire for them a kingdom whose limits should be respected by the Afghans on the north and by the all-devouring English on the south.

At length, in the year 1780, was born at Goojerat, Runjit Singh, destined to become a great ruler of men, and to be deemed worthy by many of the designation of the Napoleon of the East.

Runjit Singh was the son of Mahan Singh, chief of one of the least powerful of the twelve confederacies in which the Sikhs were at that time embodied, and, succeeding his father at the age of eleven years, devoted a persistent and unswerving ambition to the task of gradually bringing confederacy after confederacy under his rule, until he became the absolute monarch of the Sikhs and of the kingdom of the Punjab.

By the year 1809 Runjit Singh, though still far from the fulfilment of his ambition, had become the most powerful of the Sikh chieftains, and it was in that year that he learned from a trifling incident the value of the European system of military discipline. The weak Indian escort of a British mission was attacked without the slightest warning by a fanatical band of Sikhs, who had been irritated by the religious observances of the Sepoys. The ease with which the latter, though taken at so great a disadvantage, repulsed their assailants, greatly impressed the Maharaja, and decided him on introducing into his army the discipline which had defeated his most formidable soldiers. It was the execution of this design which enabled Runjit Singh to consolidate his power, and to add to his dominions those outlying provinces which he conquered from their former owners.

The old Sikh army, from which the new one was to be formed, consisted principally of cavalry, the only arm held in consideration by the Sikhs, raised and paid under a feudal system, each chieftain furnishing his

followers with arms and horses. The Sikh weapon was the sword, which, when mounted, they used with great skill. Bows and arrows were carried by the infantry, and a few matchlocks, but in the early days of Runjit Singh's career the Sikhs disliked fire-arms and artillery of all descriptions, and possessed little or no skill in their use.

The rank and file of the unreformed Khalsa army have been vividly described by Sir Henry Lawrence in that admirable work *THE ADVENTURES OF AN OFFICER IN THE PUNJAB*; but it should be remembered that the description is put into the mouth of a Mahomedan soldier, and is consequently highly unflattering. "Go to the Bazar," says Chand Khan; "take any dirty naked scoundrel, twist up his hair, give him a lofty turban and a clean vest, comb out and lengthen his beard, and gird his loins with a yellow *cummerbund*; put a clumsy sword by his side and a long spear in his hand; set him on a strong, bony, two-year-old horse, and you have a passable Sikh."

As is often the case in irregular armies, and particularly in the irregular armies of the East, the squalor of the bulk of the Sikh levies was strongly contrasted with the picturesque appearance of some of Maharaja Singh's cavaliers. "Many of the irregular levies," writes Sir Lepel Griffin, "were well-to-do country gentlemen, the sons, relations, or clansmen of the chiefs, who placed them in the field and maintained them there, and whose personal credit was concerned in their splendid appearance. There was no uniformity in their dress. Some wore a shirt of mail, with a helmet inlaid with gold and a *kalgí*, or heron's plume; others were gay with the many-coloured splendour of velvet and silk, with pink or yellow muslin turbans, and gold-embroidered belts carrying

their sword and powder-horn. All wore, at the back, the small round shield of tough buffalo hide." If the attire and armament of the men-at-arms were so gorgeous and picturesque it will readily be believed that the officers and chiefs carried Eastern magnificence to an extreme pitch.

It has been stated that the Sikhs held the cavalry arm alone in favour, disliking the artillery service and holding the infantry in contempt. One section, however, of the ancient Khalsa army, whose desperate courage commanded the highest respect, was accustomed to fight principally on foot. There were the *Nihangs*, or *Akalis*, a fanatical body of devotees who were dressed in dark blue, in accordance with the laws of Govind Singh, the last Guru; their other distinctive signs, says Sir Lepel Griffin, were a knife stuck in the turban, a sword slung round their neck, and a wooden club.

The Akalis, or Immortals, though little better than drunken savages, possessed a semi-sacred character, and though frequently a source of personal danger to the Maharaja from their unbridled lawlessness, often by their headlong valour turned the fortune of a doubtful day. It was the attack of the Akalis on Mr. Metcalfe's escort, already described, that first made clear to the Maharaja the power of discipline, but in addition to this unintentional service they performed many others. A brief record of two of them may serve to show how the Khalsa army fought in the early days.

The ancient city and district of Mooltan formed, at the beginning of the present century, a semi-independent Afghan province. From the year 1806 until 1818 Runjit Singh made repeated attempts to capture the city and to annex the province. In 1816 an irregular attack on Mooltan, led by the Akali leader, Phula Singh, met

with such unexpected success that the city would have fallen could the attack have been pressed home; and on June 2nd, 1818, Mooltan was at last captured. The Sikh Army had previously been repulsed with heavy loss, eighteen hundred men having fallen on one occasion alone. Sadhu Singh, an Akali, determined to eclipse the feat of Phula Singh, rushed with a few desperate followers into an outwork of the fort, and held it. The Sikh army, seeing this success, advanced to the assault and captured the fortress, the gallant Afghan Nawab, with five of his sons and one Amazonian daughter, falling, sword in hand, in the breach.

Even more signal were the services of the Akalis at the great battle of Theri, or Nowshera, fought in the year 1823, which finally decided the superiority of the Sikhs over the Afghans. At this time Yar Mahomed Khan, the Afghan governor of the Peshawar province, had come to terms of subordinate alliance with Runjit Singh. Mahomed Azim Khan, brother of Yar Mahomed Khan, and prime-minister of Cabul, disapproved of this alliance, and declared war against the Maharaja, raising the wild border tribes against the Sikhs by proclaiming a *jehad*. The Sikh army had, at this time, been for about a year in the hands of Generals Ventura and Allard, officers of Napoleon's army, who had been employed by Runjit Singh to introduce the European system of discipline. Ventura had trained a considerable force of infantry, and Allard a brigade of cavalry.

The battle was fought on both banks of the Cabul river, the Maharaja commanding in person on the left bank, where he was confronted by the fanatical Yusafzais. Here it was that the battle raged most fiercely and most doubtfully.

Victory at first seemed to declare against the Sikhs, for, in spite of all the desperate exertions of Runjit Singh, a panic spread among the troops of the Khalsa. Several unsuccessful attempts to drive the enemy from their position had exhausted their strength and broken their spirits, and a defeat seemed inevitable. In vain Runjit Singh threatened and implored his soldiers; in vain he adjured them by God and their Guru to advance; in vain, dismounting from his horse, he rushed forward, sword in hand, calling on his troops to follow him. At this critical moment the black banner of Phula Singh and his Akalis moved up the slope of the disputed hill; the fanatic chief and his desperate followers, five hundred in number, advanced to the attack. Phula Singh had, earlier in the day, been struck from his horse by a musket-ball, which had shattered his knee, and had been carried to the rear, apparently disabled. Now, seated on an elephant, he again led the way, shouting an invitation to the whole army to follow him and his men. The army did not respond to the call, but Phula Singh and the Akalis rushed to the assault. The wild Afghans waited not for their attack, but streamed down the hill to become the assailants. At this moment, it is said, Phula Singh ordered his men to dismount and let their horses go. This was done, and, strange to say, the horses rushed into the ranks of the Yusafzais, throwing them into confusion. The Akalis seized the opportunity and charged home, sword in hand, piercing to the heart of the Afghan position. Encouraged by this exploit the Sikh army again advanced, and, in consequence, drove up the hill a body of some twelve to fifteen hundred Afghans who were now actually below the Akalis. Finding themselves thus assailed in front by the main body, and cut off by the Akalis

from their line of retreat, these Afghans endeavoured to escape round the flanks of the Akalis; but the redoubtable Phula Singh had no intention of allowing them to escape so easily. So vigorously did he bar their retreat that at least half of them were slain, the Akalis also being reduced to little more than one hundred and fifty men. This exploit so fired the Sikh army that they now advanced and assaulted the main Afghan position, still led by Phula Singh, who was eventually killed after performing prodigies of endurance and valour. The Sikhs gained a complete though dearly bought victory, no less than five thousand of the Khalsa army having been killed or wounded. The Afghan loss was believed to be nearly ten thousand men.¹

To form from these brave but undisciplined levies an army, trained and disciplined on the European model, was the task to which the great Maharaja now set himself. To diminish the importance of the cavalry, to form an efficient artillery, and to induce the Sikhs to enter the despised infantry service, was a feat which taxed all Runjit Singh's influence over the minds of his subjects. In this matter, as in all others, he approached his object with great subtlety and caution. Colonel Gardner, one of his officers, from whose manuscript memoirs the account of the battle of Theri has been compiled, thus describes the conversion of the army. "When the Maharaja explained his intentions, the old troops took umbrage, resenting the proposed form of instruction and the introduction of money payments; they had formerly been rewarded by grants of land and by plunder, and cash payments had been considered ignoble. Runjit Singh was not the man to be

¹ From the notes of Colonel Gardner, of Maharaja Runjit Singh's service. See also *THE REIGNING FAMILY OF LAHORE*, a work based on information supplied by Gardner.

turned from his purpose. He used to favour the new men in every way; used to send for them in the morning, distribute food from his own table among them after their parades, with which he would affect to be highly pleased, and would administer *bakshish* to each with his own hand. The sight of the money was too much for the remainder of the army, who soon held no more aloof from the new discipline coupled with regular payment." An attempt of the Maharaja to force his troops to adopt the round cap of the Bengal Sepoy did not succeed, his own Sikhs fraternising with the Gurkha battalion, which they had been ordered to compel at the bayonet's point to adopt the cap. In all other respects the Sikh infantry were dressed and equipped like those of the Company's army.

Aided by his four foreign generals, Ventura, Allard, Court, and Avitabile, and by some fifty other European officers of lower rank who entered his service from time to time, Runjit Singh succeeded in converting his unwieldy and undisciplined host into a well-equipped and well-trained regular army of thirty thousand men with nearly two hundred guns; in addition to which were the irregular levies of the chiefs, whose number is estimated by Sir Lepel Griffin at another thirty thousand. The regular infantry, first trained by Generals Ventura, Court, and Avitabile, imbibed an iron discipline, which rendered them a most formidable force; while the artillery, trained for the most part by General Court and Colonel Gardner, developed an extraordinary devotion to their guns and a high skill in their use, both facts being amply proved at Soobraon and Chillianwalla, and indeed in all the battles of the two wars in which our army met and defeated the Sikh legions.

The gallant and amiable Allard,

who had rendered conspicuous service at Theri, brought the Sikh cavalry to a high pitch of perfection; but after his death, which occurred in 1839, shortly before that of the Maharaja that arm rapidly deteriorated. After Runjit Singh's death the army grew much stronger in numbers and as much weaker in discipline, ere long taking the reins of power into its own hands and violently removing one ruler after another. Finally it brought about its own destruction, and the annexation of the Punjab, by crossing the Sutlej with the avowed intention of capturing Delhi or even Calcutta. On the outbreak of war the Sikh army numbered eighty-eight thousand men, with three hundred and eighty field guns; but many of the latter were of inferior quality.

Of the military quality of the soldiers of the Khalsa it is difficult to speak too highly. The veterans of Runjit Singh's army might in many respects be compared with those of Napoleon. Inured to hardship by long years of service and led by officers who had risen from their ranks by force of soldierly merit, it need cause no surprise that they triumphed over all their Asiatic enemies. Like the Napoleonic soldiers also they were haughty and oppressive to their civilian countrymen, brutal and rapacious as invaders, relentless slaughterers of the defenceless wounded in the day of battle. These were dark blots on the fame of a warlike race, but, as history shows, by no means peculiar to the Sikhs.

One last parallel may be mentioned between the Grand Armies of the Khalsa and of France; both were fated to meet defeat and destruction at the hands of England.

In the two wars which followed the invasion of British India by the Sikhs both sides suffered heavy losses, but those of the vanquished were terrible.

It is probable that no estimate can be considered accurate, but careful writers state that the Sikhs lost between twelve and fifteen thousand men at the battle of Sobraon alone, on which occasion the merciless carnage inflicted on the flying Sikhs by our horse-artillery may be considered as condign punishment for the slaughter of our wounded in the previous battles. In the second war the doubtful and bloody battle of Chillianwalla was fought, in which it is undeniable that the more skilful generalship was shown by the Sikhs, though our national tenacity was rewarded by the possession of the field of battle. Finally, on February the 22nd, 1849, the battle of Gujerat, fought on our part coolly and scientifically, broke for ever the power of the Khalsa, but brought no disgrace on the training of Runjit Singh and his European generals.

The rapidity with which these valiant and haughty enemies accepted British rule is justly considered one of the chief triumphs of our Indian administration; a triumph peacefully effected by the efforts of that noble brotherhood of military and civil servants of the Crown into whose charge the Land of the Five Rivers so fortunately fell. It was well for England that, at one time and in one province she had working for her such men as Henry and John Lawrence, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Edwardes, John Nicholson, Neville and Crawford Chamberlain, James Abbott, Lake, Becher, James, Reynell Taylor, and many others of like nature. It was well for England that for eight years after the annexation of the Punjab these great men and their fellows had laboured without ceasing to give to that war-worn land peace, prosperity, and content, and that they had succeeded. The merits of English rule in India can need no further

testimony than the fact that eight short years had sufficed to convert the Punjab from our most dangerous foe to our most staunch supporter.

Thus it was that the year 1857 saw the new birth of the troops of the Khalsa, called again into being by the trust of Lawrence, and led to the re-capture of Delhi by their own most dreaded enemy in days gone by, John Nicholson.

The story of the Sikh and Pathan levies of the Punjab, and of the deeds they wrought for England, has often been told and can here receive but brief notice. All Englishmen should know it. Suffice it to say that it was by the work of John Lawrence, by his courageous and persistent influence, and by the constant stream of reinforcements sent by him from the Punjab, that Delhi fell when it did fall; and that, until that day, the fate of England in India trembled in the balance. How loyally and bravely the soldiers of the Khalsa, and above all the Sikh artillerymen, who showed themselves as efficient and as staunch as our own glorious gunners, fought for us in the memorable siege, should never be forgotten. Those who realise that John Lawrence saved our Indian Empire, must remember also that he did that deed in great part by the hands of his Sikh soldiers; and those who admire the deed and praise the doer must thank also the living weapon which he used. Acute indeed was the crisis when Lawrence decided to trust the Sikhs, and, when all that hung on his decision is remembered, let no one wonder that for a while he hesitated, until the bold yet wise counsels of his younger advisers prevailed. When next a great emergency falls on the ruler of a British province may he have counsellors such as John Nicholson, Herbert Edwardes, and Neville Chamberlain.

A most interesting circumstance is

connected with John Lawrence's action when his decision was taken. There had been, as is well known, certain differences between himself and his brother, Sir Henry, as to the manner of treating the Sikh chiefs. To these dispossessed potentates Henry Lawrence was ever inclined to be very tender in pity for their fallen estate; while John Lawrence, aware of their many faults while in power, was disposed to bear hardly upon them. Now, however, ruling the Punjab in the room of Sir Henry, John Lawrence acted in the very spirit of his brother. Having, as a first step, initiated those wise measures by which the disloyal Bengal troops in the Punjab were disarmed, and the rebellious overwhelmed, Lawrence sent letters to the various chiefs who had fallen into disgrace in the war of 1848. He urged them to retrieve their characters, and come in at once with their retainers, naming the number of men to be brought by each. The measure met with complete success, and, as the chiefs joined him, Lawrence organised their levies and sent them off to Delhi under carefully selected English officers.

From these Sikh feudal levies, from the old soldiers of the Khalsa, from the wild frontier tribesmen of all regions from Peshawar to Multan, and even from our old enemies the Afghans, Lawrence and his lieutenants raised that new army of the Punjab which first helped to defeat the rebellious Bengal army, and then took its place.

The rising at Meerut occurred on Sunday, May 10th, 1857, and the southward march of Lawrence's reinforcements began with, what seems to us, almost miraculous promptitude, though, to the fiery impatience of John Nicholson, there had appeared to be an intolerable delay. On June 9th the Guides arrived before Delhi, having marched five hundred and

eighty miles in twenty-two days, in the very hottest season of the Indian summer, a feat which has never been equalled in any army. By July 1st three thousand two hundred troops had been sent from the Punjab, to be followed by regiment after regiment, in rapid succession, so long as reinforcements were required.

All who read these pages know the story of the capture of Delhi. There is no brighter page in our history; and many will echo the words of a brave man who fought there at the head of one of these very levies furnished by the loyal Punjab,—Hodson of Hodson's Horse: "History will do justice to the constancy and fortitude of the handful of Englishmen who have for so many months of desperate weather, amid the greatest toil and hardship, resisted and finally defeated the most strenuous exertions of an entire army, trained by ourselves, and supplied with all but exhaustless munitions of war, laid up by ourselves for the maintenance of our Empire. I venture to aver that no other nation in the world would have remained here (before Delhi) or have avoided defeat had they done so. A nation which could conquer a country like the Punjab so recently with an Hindustani army, and then turn the energies of the conquered Sikhs to subdue the very army by which they were tamed; which could fight out a position like Peshawar for years in the very teeth of the hostile tribes; and then, when suddenly deprived of the regiments which effected this, could unhesitatingly employ those very tribes to disarm and quell those regiments when in mutiny,—a nation which could do this is destined indeed to rule the world."

The famous Hodson's Horse, a specimen of the Punjab levies, was actually raised, equipped, and trained while serving before Delhi; an ex-

perience which few cavalry regiments can have undergone. In its ranks, Afghans, Sikhs, and Punjabi Mahomedans vied with one another in devoted service to Hodson. The uniform of these hastily raised troops consisted mostly of the now familiar *kharkî*; but Hodson's Horse wore, as a difference, a scarlet sash over the shoulder, and a turban of the same colour, gaining thereby the nickname of the Flamingos.

Though less conspicuous than those of the besiegers of Delhi, the services of the Sikh force raised and commanded by General Van Cortlandt also deserve notice, if only on account of the history of its commander. Van Cortlandt had for many years served Runjit Singh, and was the only one of his European officers who was permitted to enter the British service on the annexation of the Punjab. He had loyally supported Herbert Edwardes in his famous march against Mooltan, and showed such conspicuous gallantry and power of character during the second Sikh war as to be entrusted with an independent command in the Mutiny. General Van Cortlandt's levy was known as the Haryana Field Force, and did excellent service in suppressing the rebellion in a wide district to the north-west of Delhi. Van Cortlandt had received his military training under the eye of the great Maharaja himself, and the backbone of the Haryana Field Force was furnished by the men of the two regular regiments of the Khalsa whom he had formerly commanded.

It is in truth impossible to read the story of the great Mutiny without feeling both gratitude and admiration for the brave northern soldiery who served England so well; nor need these feelings lead us to do any injustice to others whose deserts are equally great. Still greater praise

should undoubtedly be given to those faithful Abdiels of the Hindu and Mahomedan regiments who remained true to their salt. Few they were, indeed, but the marvel is that any could resist the tide of disloyalty which carried all but the most steadfast off their feet. And the long-service soldier of England, who marched and fought till he died in his tracks,—he has gone now, his place knows him no more, and there are many who have scarce a good word to say for him. They were ignorant and helpless, those old soldiers, those "poor wild birds whose country had cast them off," but they could march through India at the worst season of the year, they could fight day after day against great odds, and finally they could, and did, die without a murmur for their country, and without even a suspicion that they were doing more than their bare duty. Now they are gone, may we do as well without them!

To conclude the narrative: from the days of 1857 the same story of brave and loyal service has to be told. Sikh cavalry and infantry regiments have shown their national quality of staunch and steady courage on many a distant battle-field. China, Abyssinia, Egypt, and Central Africa have seen the Sikh soldier following his white officers as he followed them to Delhi, and distant lands, unknown even by name to their fathers, have borne witness that the sons of the Khalsa have not degenerated. It is, however, in Afghanistan and the mountain border of India that the Sikh soldier of recent years has found his most congenial field of service. Many a battle-field west of the Indus, their ancient bulwark, has heard the Sikh war-cry, and far in the north-east stands the fort of Chitral to remind all men of one of the stoutest defences recorded in history, the heat

and burden of which was borne by Sikh soldiers and English officers.

The Tirah Campaign is so much an affair of to-day that even the newspaper-readers of England, ever, like the Athenians, in search of some new thing, can hardly have forgotten how often the Sikh soldier has shown his fine quality. Being, as he is, among the most determined of fighters, the Sikh is never more terrible than when playing a losing game with his life for the forfeit. The whole Empire rang with the proud story of the defence and fall of Fort Saragheri, when every man of the garrison fell rifle in hand, and the last survivor is said to have killed eighteen or twenty enemies before he was overcome.

Here then we leave the Sikh sol-

dier of to-day, the honourable representative of the warlike disciples of Guru Govind, feeling a just confidence that from the Punjab England may yet draw many a staunch man-at-arms, as warlike and as faithful as those who have served her in the past.

And if ever the time should come,
Sahib,—as come full well it may—
When all is not as smooth and fair as
all things seem to-day;
When foes are rising round you fast,
and friends are few and cold;
And a yard or two of trusty steel is
worth a prince's gold;
Remember Hodson trusted us, and trust
the old blood too;
And as we followed him to death, our
sons will follow you.

HUGH PEARSE.

ON LAKE VYRNWY.

THERE are occasions, if it be not heresy to say so, when the fancy is more captivated and the memory more stimulated by the humble art of the photographer than by the most eloquent effort of the landscape-painter's brush. So, at any rate, it seemed to me as I sat one morning towards the end of last May in the sunny drawing-room of the hotel that the Corporation of Liverpool erected some years ago upon the banks of their great reservoir in the heart of Wales. Let me here hasten to dispel any false impression created by the materialistic flavour of this last term. Lake Vyrnwy is in truth a reservoir, and the property of a great and grimy city; but it is doubtful if any house of entertainment, south of the Firth of Forth, looks out over a scene more entirely beautiful than does this one. And when one remembers that it is the work of man, there is in that very fact a flavour of romance about it that neither Bala, nor Derwentwater, nor Coniston can boast of. For on the table of this drawing-room there lies a set of photographs executed with all the skill and fidelity that the process was capable of ten or a dozen years ago. It is not, however, the excellence of the pictures themselves, nor the beauty of the scenes they depict, that arouses in this case so special an interest, but the fact of their being all that is left to remind one of a vanished world; a small world perhaps, but one that was as entirely sufficient unto itself as any that could be found within the civilised area of Great Britain. Here, for instance, is a typical village street; typical,

that is to say, of the sleepy hamlets that may be found in every one of the innumerable valleys into which the great highlands of Montgomery are riven this way and that. The full blaze of a summer sun is evidently glaring on the white roadway, and the shadows of the stone cottages fall dark and sharp across the dusty street. There is the old inn with over the door the arms of the great house of Powis which divides with that of Wynnstay so mighty a slice of northern and central Wales. A couple of idlers stand slouching before the porch: a colley dog lies flat as a corpse in the dust; and an old witch at her cottage door, shading her eyes with her hand, stands blinking at the camera, and no doubt also at the "gentleman from London" behind it who is thus so significantly heralding the deluge which these poor peasants may not yet have wholly realised. Here too is another picture of the plain old oblong church, built, it is said, at some remote period by the Knights of St. John. Another one is evidently taken from an eminence. It is of a flat and narrow valley, stretching for many miles, and bounded on both sides by hills, whose summits, we know, are over two thousand feet above the sea. There is a foreground of meadows, bisected with white roads, on whose lush hedges at a near point one can actually see the honeysuckle and wild roses twining and the dust of midsummer thickly powdered. In the background are scattered homesteads embowered in trees, and down the centre of the picture one can trace the course of the Vyrnwy winding for many miles

through narrow belts of bordering timber.

There was no spot in all Britain where life had gone on more tranquilly than in this remote but once populous village and parish of Llanwddyn; the more so perhaps as it formed a *cul de sac*, the valley terminating abruptly in the bold front of the Berwyn mountains, over which a precipitous cart-track led, and still leads, for ten weary and windy miles to Bala. Something like five hundred souls, who practically could speak no English, were here just previous to 1880, to be dumbfounded by the news that as a community they were to be wiped off the face of the earth. I do not think it would be unjust to the average villager, of, let us say, Wiltshire or Suffolk, to suppose that under a similar shock he would find more than solace in the prospects of financial compensation inevitable in so drastic a scheme. The Celt of Wales may, or may not, lack some of the virtues of the Wiltshire or Suffolk rustic, but his affection for the home of his fathers is incomparably greater, and very often indeed rises superior to gold or worldly advancement. Nor does the Welshman among his mountains go barefoot or live on half rations of potatoes, and thereby justify the political economist's sneers at sentiment. At any rate, when the Corporation of Liverpool, after hovering in threatening attitude over many Welsh valleys, descended finally upon this devoted spot, the consternation among a portion of its inhabitants was very great indeed. It is painful enough for those who are keenly sensitive to such emotions to be torn from their homes; but to have these, and every familiar landmark surrounding them, eliminated from off the face of the earth's surface, and transferred, so to speak, to the bottom of the sea, is a far more harrowing experience, and one perhaps

unique in the simple annals of the poor. It would be almost as difficult indeed for us, as for the Wiltshire rustic, to realise the limpet-like tenacity with which the Welsh villager clings to his valley as to a part of his existence. It is commonly reputed, however, that many of the old people, who were thus uprooted from Llanwddyn, did not survive such late transplanting, but died as people die of broken hearts after a great invasion by a conquering enemy. Most of the village was blown up, or pulled down, preparatory to the damming of the waters. One sturdy old woman vowed that, rather than be evicted, she would perish beneath the ruins of her paternal roof-tree, and resisted all efforts to remove her with an energy that would have done credit to a Tipperary heroine playing to an applauding audience of peasants and politicians.

The Vale of Llanwddyn, however, has long ceased to exist. Not only were the living transferred from their habitations, but the very dead, whose bones could still be found, were taken from their graves and laid in a fresh resting-place, some three hundred feet nearer heaven and under the shadow of a newly built church.

But let us turn for a moment, from these pictures of what was, to yonder window which commands as fine a prospect of what is as any point in this wholly transformed landscape. We are perched high above the lake on a wooded hill, and over the tree-tops, which sweep downwards to the water's edge in terraces of rustling foliage, spreads as fair and beautiful a scene as could be found in all Wales, which is saying much indeed. For fully five miles westward a noble sheet of water, its shining surface flecked by the light summer winds, thrusts itself into the very heart of the Berwyn mountains. One behind the other, lofty hills from an eleva-

tion of two thousand feet drop their shoulders to the water's edge, till the gradually narrowing vista is closed by the mighty wall of grouse moors that separates the waters of the Dee and Severn. Never surely has man's artifice made scenery of so exquisite a kind on so vast a scale. It seems impossible to realise that bare utility, and the needs of a great and growing city, are responsible for a scene at once so peaceful and so incomparably fair. Bala is the only Welsh lake that approaches the one beneath us in size; but the somewhat ornate civilisation which gives something of a tameness to old Llyn Tegid's banks is wanting here, as happily also is the other extreme which most of the smaller Welsh lakes run to, namely, a certain savage nakedness, a grey-tinted bleakness that in some moods almost repels one from their shores.

No screaming engine at any rate, on even the stillest days, can wake the echoes of Lake Vyrnwy. Though Liverpool owns it, neither Liverpool nor Manchester comes here in the tourist sense, for accommodation, other than the single hotel which caters chiefly for sportsmen, is sternly repressed and population minimised for the sake of aquatic purity. The upper fringe of the old Llanwddyn civilisation still remains above the waves, and with pastures and woodland, and a few ancient homesteads, makes a rich and pleasing margin between the mountains and the lake. But the bulk of Llanwddyn is as effectually sunk beneath the waves as the thirty towns of the drowned Cantrel, over which every good Welshman knows the billows of Cardigan bay roll ere they break on the sandy dunes of Arduwy and the rocky feet of the Cader range.

The Corporation of Liverpool take a just pride in their beautiful domain. For it is not only the lake and its im-

mediate banks that have passed under their rule; they are proprietors also of many miles of mountain and moorland, and it may be added that since their advent the grouse fly thicker here than on almost any moors in Wales. To engineers the immense dam that holds this vast volume of water, from forty to eighty feet deep and eleven miles in circumference, is, I believe, a work of surpassing interest. Fortunately its builders had art and beauty in their minds, as well as safety; and the stonework which carries the high road across the dam, some six hundred yards at this narrow point from shore to shore, is in no sense an eyesore, except in so far as it reminds one that the scene around us is the work of man. A perfect road has been made the whole way round the lake, and in a district where the highways are naturally either rough or perpendicular, or both, twelve miles of smooth Macadam, amid surroundings so delightful, enable one to enjoy the latter with a grateful sense of ease and relief. Deeply indented bays mark the spots where lateral valleys sent their tributary streams spouting down in former days to the winding Vyrnwy. Around many of these inlets the planter has been busy. On their quiet surface, free from the breezes that outside are almost always stirring, the shadows of exotic trees, of copper beeches and maples and *arbor vite*, grow longer year by year; and each June the gay bloom of azaleas and rhododendrons light up with increasing splendour the base of the eternal hills.

It would indeed cheer the hearts of those many croakers who declare that accessible troutling of any account is a thing of the past, to see the lusty pounders rolling about on a summer's evening over the whole surface of these five miles of water. Some eight years ago, before the lake was actually full, several thousand fry of the celebrated

Loch Leven trout were introduced into its still rising waters. Whether fish so sensitive as trout would thrive there, and, if they did, whether or no they would retain their instinct for rising freely to the fly, was a problem which remained to be solved. Among anglers the new lake created as much interest as it did among engineers. It was felt that if the trout took kindly to its waters, and throve and multiplied and behaved generally as if they and their vast domain of water were of indigenous growth, an angler's paradise would be created that had nothing comparable to it, on such a scale, south of the famous Loch Leven. Such hopes have been more than realised, for it has not only equalled but outstripped the historic haunt of Edinburgh fly-fishers in the quality of its sport. It would puzzle, I think, the best fisherman that ever threw a fly on Loch Leven to take forty-two trout weighing thirty-four pounds in a single day, as I saw done myself on Lake Vyrnwy in this very last May. No water south of the Tweed, upon a similar scale, open to the public for a moderate payment can pretend to compare with it. The Cumberland lakes most certainly cannot, full as they are of coarse fish, while Bala was ruined by pike fifty years ago.

With a view to the undoubted shooting and probable fishing attractions, a large and comfortable hotel was built by the Liverpool Corporation during the year the lake was filling. Standing high above the latter, whose surface is over eight hundred feet above sea-level, it is probably the most bracing habitation, as well as the most romantically situated, in all Wales. The sporting rights of the property, extending over many miles of land and water, are leased out with the hotel, and the enterprising lady who reigns over all has so enlarged her boundaries that

you might walk, I take it, for near twenty miles in a straight line over mountain, pasture and stubble that, in a sporting sense, recognise her sway. This kind of thing in Caithness and Morayshire or Donegal would not be worthy of remark, but within sight, or nearly so, of the smoke of Shrewsbury it is quite another matter.

Lake-fishing is pre-eminently the solace of the less skilful angler, particularly of the man who in early life has not had the opportunity of becoming initiated into all the mysteries that pertain to most river-fishing and the difficulties that beset it. Not of course that the expert will be otherwise than a long way ahead of the tyro, even from a boat on a lake; but the latter will here find things incomparably more easy for him than when floundering about among rocks, a screen of trees perhaps behind and before him, and a roof of leaves above his head. The lake-fisher will always have a breeze at his back, or he would not be out. Casting with a modern rod under such conditions demands a minimum of skill. There are no trees or obstacles to be taken into consideration, nor is any precision in planting the flies very greatly in request. He will miss a great many fish no doubt, particularly when they are rising short, as they are apt to do on lakes as the season advances; but he will catch something on most days, and when the trout really mean business, the comparative tyro will be much more successful than he would be under like conditions on a river. There is one advantage, however, in lake-fishing that applies to all classes of anglers whose holidays are limited and opportunities few. Their river may utterly fail them for the few precious days available; it may be almost dry, or in raging flood. A lake cannot play tricks of this sort. Its fish may of course take all sorts of fancies into

their heads, but except on those rare occasions when there is not sufficient breeze to stir the surface of the water, or too much to venture out in, it is at least always fishable. The ladies too (and at the name we think we can hear ominous growls from certain snug chimney-corners) are here able to assert themselves. All difficulties of locomotion are removed; the breeze takes out their line, and a polite boatman repairs their breakages, uncoils their tangles, and slips the net under the captive fish. When fishing double in a boat one likes to know a good deal about the man at the other end, not in relation to his moral character or social status, but to his class as a fisherman. Ladies, however, I have noticed, mainly fish in the same boat with their husbands. This may seem odd to those who revolve in the sphere of the modern novel, if there is such a sphere; but female fly-fishers are not, I think, frivolous, and besides they are, when on duty, the colour of mahogany, even if the skin has not entirely peeled off their faces. At any rate it is only right that the husband should run any risk there may be of having a Red Spinner or a Wickham's Fancy embedded in his cheek or in the lobe of his ear; while if perchance the boatman should prove the victim, compensation is a simple matter. But this kind of language would not merely be unchivalrous, but positively libellous if used in connection with some ladies I have seen wielding a rod, and some indeed whose records speak for them on the register of Lake Vyrnwy.

This register, by the way, is an institution not perhaps peculiar to the estate, but I fancy somewhat unique in the merciless accuracy with which it is kept. From its earliest days the authorities of Lake Vyrnwy have held to the maxim that honesty is the best policy. With a shrewd

insight into the imaginative side of angling nature it was long ago decided that the average fishermen, immaculate no doubt in all other relations of life, could not be trusted to give a strictly accurate return of his daily catch. What a confession to make of one's craft! And yet who will gainsay it? Some fishing centres, for very obvious reasons, are by no means so anxious to curb the wayward fancies of Piscator (as the guide-books call him); but Vyrnwy is the despair of the romancer. Every basket is taken by his boatman direct from the boat to the house. There in the back regions it is accurately weighed, and thence carried in a dish to a table in the entrance-hall where the spoils of the day, with the number and weight caught, and the name of each captor plainly labelled, are exhibited before dinner-time to the gaze of the company. These statistics are then forwarded to certain newspapers and duly entered in a big book, which lies handy for reference upon the smoking-room table. And no more fitting lodgment could surely be found for such a significant record! The old habitué, if eight years may confer such distinction, has to be careful, very careful indeed, as he smokes his pipe in the evenings at Lake Vyrnwy. He may embroider his performances upon streams and lakes remote, but he cannot add a single fish or a single ounce to his former triumphs here, with such a merciless and prosaic chronicle at his very elbow.

From a purely piscicultural point of view the history of the lake is interesting enough. The Loch Leven yearlings, originally introduced, fulfilled their ordinary destiny; but it seems hardly to have been taken into much consideration what part the little troutlets of the infant Vyrnwy river and its tributary burns would play. It seems strange that a breed of creatures who for hundreds of years have

had a limit of size should be capable under different conditions of suddenly expanding into four or five times those dimensions. But these little fellows, hurried down by floods from the hills, or cast upon this world of waters by the submerging of the brooks where a quarter-pounder was entitled to respect and a half-pounder a veritable giant, adapted themselves to their surroundings in astonishing fashion. Two years had not passed since the filling of the lake when native fish of from twelve to fourteen inches long were rolling about literally in their thousands.

Nowadays the Loch Leven has practically given way to the sturdier, better conditioned trout, sprung from those little denizens of the rills which plash down the mountain sides, or the small burns which make music in the valleys of the Eunant and the Hirdydd, the Cedig and the Dolau Gwynion. The unit of size at the present time is just under a pound, and the growth of education as regards the attitude of the fish towards the artificial fly is an instinctive retrospect. For the first few years they were confiding to a degree. A limit had to be fixed, and quite unpretentious fishermen sometimes reached that limit before, the day was out. Never has the stock of fish been more abundant than to-day, and never so entirely satisfactory in shape and condition; but these restrictions are no longer necessary. One would hardly imagine that an average of perhaps half a dozen boats daily, spread over so great a sheet of water for three or four months in the year, could convert the trout from absolute simplicity to as reasonable a cunning as a good sportsman at any rate would be satisfied with. In their callow days the Lake Vyrnwy trout would rise at almost anything. They now have their preferences in the matter of flies, and will

no longer fall victims to the slack line and tardy wrist. Nowadays if you would catch them you must be wide awake. And who would wish it otherwise?

Lake-fishing may be lazy work in one sense, but it is uncommonly trying to an unseasoned wrist. Indeed an accustomed one would be considerably taxed by the end of a day if it were not for the long rest after each drift is finished, while your boatman pulls you slowly back against, or across, the wind to commence another. Then is the time on Lake Vyrnwy, after straining the eyes for an hour or so at the spot where you know your flies to be among the dancing ripples, then is the time to lie back and rest them on the silent crags towering to the sky, on the emerald turf, fresh with mountain mists and warmed by the suns of May, that sweeps upward to their feet. The middle heights, too, are here resplendent with brakes of golden gorse and sprinkled thick with feathery birch trees, of all trees that soften the bareness of a mountain side surely the most graceful. From the straggling woods of ancient oaks, hoary with moss and deep in bracken, that dip here and there to the shores, the note of the cuckoo comes soft and clear. Upon the high rough pastures that fringe the moorland one hears all day long the bell-like trill of the nesting curlew, while in sunny thickets by the water side the thrush pours out its homelier gush of melody. A very paradise, too, is this lake for those little friends of the fisherman, the sandpipers, who splash and play and skim along the water's edge, and perform those graceful but transparent antics designed no doubt to mislead you as to the whereabouts of some four or five white eggs snugly tucked away under yonder bank.

But perhaps after all it is at sunset, when the day's work is over and

the breeze is dead and we steal slowly homeward down the lake, that the spell of its strange associations is strongest. On the banks of Lough Neagh, according to Tom Moore,

When the fisherman strays
At the dim, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

Surely we too, as we drift along over the steely surface of Lake Vyrnwy with the mountains darkling upon either hand and the crimson afterglow paling into green behind the rugged brow of Allt-yr-Erydd, may indulge in reveries justifiable as those of Tom Moore's fisherman. We may behold in the glass beside us, with the eye of memory, at any rate, if not of fancy, the cheerful homesteads of Llanwddyn, that now lie ruined and sodden beneath the seventy feet of water over which we glide. In the village street big eels are now sliming in the mud; over the old hearthstone of the Powis Arms, that welcomed with its cheery blaze so many generations of travellers from the cold passes of the Berwyns, this is surely a mete occasion to drop the tributary tear. Where hedgerows bloomed gay with wild dog-rose and honeysuckle, huge trout, that human eye never beholds, but angling fancy fondly pictures, sail lazily around, no doubt, amid dank and trailing weeds. The old church that St. Wyddyn founded in the sixth century and the knights of St. John of Jerusalem rebuilt of stone in the twelfth, should surely have some message to send us up from the depths. In the Duke of Beaufort's famous progress through Wales, in the reign of James the Second, his secretary tells us how the bell in its little belfry "jangled for loyalty with such strange noise and such good affection" as his Grace passed, that the writer was impelled to enter the church and dis-

cover of what material it might be fashioned. Surely there is an opportunity here for the sparse residents of the shores of Lake Vyrnwy that should not be missed. Supernatural possibilities, however, apart, it is not given to many people to catch trout seventy feet above the fields where they have once shot partridges and the bogs where they have once killed snipe. A story is told, too, of a native of Llanwddyn who, after years of wandering in foreign lands, thought he would have a look at the old home. Not being of a communicative turn of mind no hint of the fate that had befallen his native village reached his ears on his way from the sea-coast; his sensations on surmounting the hills above the Vyrnwy, and seeing nothing but a waste of waters beneath him, may be left to the imagination. The form which the surprise of this unsuspecting seaman took is differently reported, but at any rate he survived the shock. Perhaps the disappearance of the Powis Arms, being the only public house in the entire district, was not the lightest part of the blow.

Both legend and history have been tolerably active in this old-world corner, though the latter is hardly of a kind that Lord Macaulay or Mr. Green or any other popular authority has dealt in. It is unlikely, for instance, that many people, east of Offa's Dyke at any rate, know who the red-haired banditti of Mawddy were. A legacy of the Wars of the Roses, this great band of outlaws held the centre of Wales in constant terror for two or three generations; and the site of Lake Vyrnwy seems to have been one of their favourite resorts. It is pleasant too to think that the cell of the saint, who gave the church and valley its name, has just escaped the deluge; for its site is said to be where the Ceunaut waterfall splashes down

towards the lake. That this holy man, however, was no St. Kevin, the marvellous tenacity of Welsh nomenclature has provided us with incontestable evidence. A path is still called *Llwybr Wddyn*, along which he used, so tradition avers, to walk to the cell of a certain pious lady, St. Monacella, who had fled from her home in Ireland and established herself at no great distance up the valley.

If this place were in England or Scotland one would need no assurance that the fish-poacher was kept at arm's length; and as a matter of fact there is so much at stake at Lake Vyrnwy that he is successfully defied. But the Welsh fish-poacher, as an incorrigible ruffian, stands in a class by himself. And by poacher, we do not mean that comparatively innocent and sportively inclined individual, who throws his fly or pitches his worm where he should not. The Welsh poacher cares nothing for sport either with fly or worm. He plies his evil trade at midnight, and his most innocent weapons are the otter and the net; if these fail, or are inconvenient, lime and even dynamite come equally ready to his hand. He has no equal in the three kingdoms as a wholesale destroyer of the fertility of lake and river. The vice seems hereditary, distinguishing more particularly certain districts and certain families; and it must be remembered that there is work at good wages for every man in Wales who is willing to work. There is not even the poor excuse of want therefore to be urged in the defence of these marauders. The man who idles and poaches in Wales does so for choice, and yet no Bench in the United Kingdom has been so fatuous in its treatment of these enemies, not of landlords merely but of the public. For in North Wales at any rate most of the fishing is made over by its owners, either directly or indirectly, to

the common weal. By the former term I mean that considerable number of lakes and rivers which are free on payment of a few shillings a year for a conservancy licence; by the latter, those waters which for a higher payment are intended to appeal to the English visitor and strengthen the attractions of a country drawing a great and deserved revenue from the tourist, a revenue which is distributed among all classes. I use the word *deserved* designedly, because the Welshman does not cheat tourists, and is moreover a most admirable host. In former days, and I believe it is still the case, a great deal, in fact most of the trout-water on the Scottish border was free by immemorial custom, though as much the property of riparian owners as the best reaches of the Kennett or the Test. But I have plenty of documentary evidence (though the ink, alas, is sadly faded) that as good baskets could be killed in these frequented streams as the heart could desire. In short the Scotch public were their own keepers; the trout-thief, with his net and lime bag, would have had short shrift on the Tweed and its tributaries. The Welsh public are even more deeply interested in the suppression of this particular vice than the Lowland Scotch, for it is not only the humble angler in common with his well-to-do brother that suffers from it, but every hotel and lodging-house keeper in the country, in fact, the whole trading class. But the Welsh public are not so stout-hearted as the Scotch, and the Welsh poacher has grown by long immunity to be the most brazen and audacious of his kind.

As a mere instance to the point, most of the once prolific streams in the western peninsula of Carnarvonshire are now absolutely free to the populace. It was accounted, and in theory rightly accounted, an admirable

thing that the village tailor, postman, carpenter, or pedagogue should have this chance of a recreation that, properly practised, could do no harm and much good. It was a Radical movement that urged the concession, be it noted, though in friendly fashion and in the same spirit it was met and granted by owners of the other political persuasion. The result is lamentable. These beautiful streams have been practically ruined, not by the honest village angler who is more out in the cold than ever, but by gangs of idlers who have found it easier to make a few pounds by liming and netting trout than by working; and it is a pursuit they can now follow with impunity, for though there are many to protest there are none to protect. The Celt will suffer much at the hands of his own people, however despicable they may individually be, before he will bring them into court.

But now comes the last word to be said, which may somewhat excuse the apathy of the humble anglers of Wales and may well cause the preservers of fish to despair. We have nothing here to do with certain political developments that, in Wales perhaps even more than elsewhere, have altered the character of the magistracy. The point of view with which a Nonconformist Radical would regard an onslaught on the pheasants of the Duke of Omnium is at any rate conceivable; but that very considerable adjunct to the Welsh tourist-trade, trout and salmon fishing, one would suppose to be outside either politics or social

rancours. The Welsh Bench, however, wherever influenced by the new element aforesaid, have for this long time been taking the poacher to their bosoms. Again and again men have been caught red-handed in their work of spoliation, and as often been released with the trumpery fine of five shillings and costs. If this is not a hearty and thorough-going encouragement to the fish-poacher, it would be interesting to know what greater one could be offered by a justice of the peace. The culprit goes on his way, not merely rejoicing but triumphant, and proclaims his sense of security not only upon the housetop, but in the very court itself. If, as the result of one night's work, he can sell several pounds' worth of fish in Dolgelly or Carnarvon, and has only occasionally to pay ten or fifteen shillings for the privilege, he would be an absolute fool, as he frankly avows, if he took the question of risk into consideration at all. In some districts no attempt at conviction is now made, and the rivers are netted in open day; on others you can almost trace their course on dark nights in winter by the fires of the salmon-spearers. It is truly said that nothing short of a regiment of soldiers could cope with the state of things that now prevails in certain districts. And it may well be doubted whether it would be profitable to call out that gallant corps, the Welsh Fusiliers, if its prisoners were to be turned upon the world again with the crushing penalty of five shillings and costs.

A. G. BRADLEY.

GAVARNI.

GAVARNI has been compared with Balzac. The comparison is daring, but not inapt. Gavarni the artist and Balzac the novelist, each in his way, made Paris and her people his own; and the pencil of the one was as fertile and as indefatigable, as conscientious and as veracious, as the pen of the other. Both men had an enormous power of production, and both were scrupulous sticklers for the truth of things. By critics who would not, or who could not, judge him rightly Gavarni was sometimes dubbed a caricaturist. He took no offence, but he said quite truly that the description did not fit him. Satirist he was, and humourist, and philosopher, and an almost unrivalled delineator of types; but in the ten thousand designs which represent his work,¹ there is perhaps not one which is properly a caricature. In the vast range and variety of his performance, again, Gavarni stands shoulder to shoulder with the author of the COMÉDIE HUMAINE. All Paris came within his ken; he swept all Paris into his portfolio. High and low, here, there, and everywhere, Gavarni's pencil embraces all types: the aristocrat, the *bourgeois*, the banker, the lawyer, the money-lender, the borrower, the student, the *grisette* and all other women, the actor, the opera-singer, the dancer, the debtor in prison, the criminal on his way to prison, the young dandy, the old rake, the politician, the pawnbroker, the mountebank, the labouring-man, the clerk, the street arab, the *enfant*

terrible, the *enfant prodigue*, the hawker, the *concierye*; and to each of these he attaches some little pungent legend of a line or two, the words of which seem to drop into the ear from the street-corner, the *salon*, the attic, or the *coulisses*, like the unfrozen words in Rabelais.

Sainte-Beuve reminds us, in the acute and sympathetic essay with which he prefaces the collection of MASQUES ET VISAGES, that Gavarni was a *nom de guerre*, a pencil-name. At the counter of the publisher Susse, to whom he had carried one of the first of his drawings which was worth printing (he had drawn, as Balzac had written, an incredible quantity of rubbish), it was suggested to him that he should give the work his signature. "People will buy a print with a name under it," said Susse. Posed for a moment, the artist betought him of a certain valley of Gavarnie, in the Pyrenees, where he had lived some hungry and happy weeks. Cutting off the feminine *e* from the name, he signed his sketch *Gavarni*, and thus was baptised, says Sainte-Beuve, all the work of his that was to come.

Guillaume-Sulpice Chevallier was his name, and he was born in Paris on the 13th of January, 1804. His father, Sulpice Chevallier, fifty-nine years old when this son came to him by a second wife, sprang from a substantial family of coopers, whose first home was in Burgundy. Old Sulpice had a taste of the Revolution, and kept a rather bitter memory of it. To his father and his mother Gavarni was always tenderly devoted;

¹ The brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Gavarni's best biographers, say that he completed ten thousand pieces.

at thirty-one years of age he wrote in his journal, on the 29th of September, 1835: "I am dishonoured in my own eyes. I had promised my father not to smoke until the 12th of October, and I have just smoked a cigar. Let me note it down against myself." He told the De Goncourts that, when a boy, he used occasionally to spend an evening in a wine-shop; one night the father followed, and, seating himself at a table facing his son's, regarded him silently with no recognition in his eyes. Gavarni never returned to the tavern.

His education was quite professional; geometry, design, linear design with a view to architecture, and some practice in that delicate branch of mechanics which is concerned with instruments of precision. At twenty he was drawing plans in a surveyor's office in Tarbes, spent some years there not over-profitably, and then set out upon a long and lonely travel through the Pyrenees (reduced at times to mending his shoes with bits of paste-board), determined to be a landscape-painter, or nothing.

His second epoch opens in Paris, in the year 1828. Up to this period we have it on the authority of the De Goncourts that Gavarni had failed very badly. A writer he might be, for the journals which he kept all his life showed him even now endowed with powers of thought and a real gift of style; but a landscape-painter,—no! He had scarce a notion of colour (he who, with the pen, could set out a scene glowing with harmonious tints), and his drawing of a landscape was stiff, jejune, and childish. But Paris was to find out the true stuff in him. He was twenty-four when he returned to it from the solitudes and silences of the Pyrenees, and that vast and varied human tableau moved him strangely, producing in him, as the De Goncourts say, "a kind of fever and burning curiosity." He saw that

Paris was his world, and with his pencil he would conquer it. "*Il reste à être vrai* (it remains to be true, or, one must stick to life itself);" such a motto he had chosen, and to this motto his whole artistic life was entirely and unswervingly loyal.

But the stiff and formal hand of the surveyor's clerk, of the designer of instruments of precision, had still a great deal to unlearn, and a candid critic of the Gavarni of this date describes him as producing "only wretched little things." He did some vignettes for Béranger, a set of grotesques for a dealer, and a number of Pyrenean sketches,—all of which are properly forgotten. His best work at this time was buried in his note-books; sketching like a madman in the streets, the *cafés*, the theatres, the tea-gardens, the public ball-rooms, he stored his memory with faces, figures, types of every kind, till, in later years, he was able to dispense altogether with the living model. In his prime he could reproduce the likeness of a man whom he had seen in the street twenty years earlier, and all his best and most characteristic figures have the air of having never sat for the likeness that betrays them. The artist has taken his models unawares; their attitudes are the attitudes of life itself. This is the happy outcome of those years of study, patient at once and frantic,—morning, noon and night—in all places where the human subject was to be observed in his proper and easy habit. When his pencil grew nimble, the sketch was made (in outline, at least) before the unconscious sitter was aware of it. He designed a great many fashion-plates for Emile de Girardin's new venture, *LA MODE*, and evidently with much success. Gavarni had a passion for fine clothes, clothes which were a part of the distinction and individuality of the wearer.

In his own attire he was original, elegant, and not a little dandified; and he would say, when the money ran short: "I don't mind pulling the devil by the tail, but I mean to do it in yellow kids." His work for *LA MODE* is unknown to me, but the De Goncourts declare that such fine, curious and delicate fashion-drawings had not before been printed.

In 1832 appeared the two series of *LES TRAVESTISSEMENTS* and *LES PHYSIONOMIES DE LA POPULATION DE PARIS*; and now, at the age of twenty-eight, Gavarni was a known and appreciated talent. The Press took note of him: Eugène Sue wanted his pencil; and Balzac (by whom he had been commissioned to illustrate *LA PEAU DE CHAGRIN*) made him the subject of a long and appreciative article in a newspaper of the day. In the first of these series Gavarni shows himself the *fantaisiste* of costume. "All the light, and colour, and gaiety of the *bal masqué*," wrote Balzac, "sparkle in these designs. Any one of these costumes would confer distinction and originality upon the most insignificant wearer. The ladies will be longing to don them; their husbands will insist upon their doing so." *LES PHYSIONOMIES* had an instant and signal success, and over these Balzac waxed yet warmer. "It is not so much that Gavarni poses his subjects as that he *confesses* them," says the delighted critic; "he makes each one of them tell his little history."

Society began to invite the young artist abroad. Duchesse d'Abrantès constituted herself his patroness, and at her house he met pleasant and famous people. He is all at once in the whirl of it: dinners, suppers, balls, the opera, the theatre, the race-course; so much and so continuously in the whirl of it that he notes in his journal,—"Actually slept at home last night."

Despite his *bourgeois* birth and rearing, Gavarni, as Sainte-Beuve insists, was always a polished gentleman. He had an air and manner of his own; something of reserve, something even of *hauteur*. He abhorred in everything the little and the commonplace, and the originality which was stamped upon his work was no less a character of the man. He talked well, easily, and freshly, and was never wanting in ideas. Théophile Gautier, whose acquaintance he had just made, has left a description of Gavarni at twenty-eight, which brings before us a tall, slender, graceful and handsome young man, with a quantity of fair hair, moustaches curled and pointed in the military style, arrayed in the height of fashion, with a certain English severity of detail (*avec quelque chose d'Anglais pour la rigueur du détail en fait de toilette*), and possessing in the highest degree the sentiment of modern elegance.

What Gavarni wanted now was a paper of his own, and after infinite pains, and apparently without a *sou*, he brought out number one of *LE JOURNAL DES GENS DU MONDE* (one did not dine at Duchesse d'Abrantès' for nothing), to which his own airy and charming pen contributed the leading article. Alfred de Vigny wrote for it, and so did Sainte-Beuve, and Gautier, and the elder Dumas, and Victor Hugo, to say nothing of titled amateurs with the faithful Duchess at their head; and Gavarni flooded it with the humours of his pencil. But when an artist begins a newspaper, the wicked fairy is always present at the birth; and the new journal, for all its high-sounding title, died in the throes of its twentieth number. It left Gavarni the heritage of a debt which, with the inevitable renewals, hampered him for years. In 1834 he was scouring Paris for money, and, not finding enough of it, the end of

that year saw him an inmate of the debtors' prison of Clichy.

If Dickens had not written *LITTLE DORRIT*, it would be interesting to write of Clichy; but Clichy and the Marshalsea seem to have been almost the same prison, with the same little cliques, the same little idle etiquette, the same little strained humours (in the easiest of prisons nobody laughs from his heart), and the same little genuine tragedies which can never be quite covered up. Gavarni, a natural philosopher, fell back on his philosophy in Clichy, and missed nothing of the sordid panorama. Restored to freedom, he went to work at once upon the series known as *L'ARGENT*, in which he has set out all the acrid wit and all the lowly and unromantic pathos of the relations of borrower and lender. From the smug money-lender, wondering that anybody should grumble at his thirty-five per cent., we pass to the seedy and desolate figure of his victim, the broken debtor, standing disconsolate against the door of his cell, digesting the "first quarter of an hour of a five years' sentence." The cares of debt notwithstanding (for debts began anew after Clichy), Gavarni was producing rapidly in these days. Most notable amongst the series were *LES FOURBERIES DE FEMME* (the Tricks of the Sex), and the theatrical sets of the *MUSÉE DE COSTUME*, the *COULISSES* and the *ACTRICES*. In *LES FOURBERIES* he dealt with some of the whims, faults, and vices of the society of his day; but Gavarni's satires were never brutal and never cruel; and as for women, whom he fascinated all his life, though he himself seems never to have been very seriously in love, the artist is always on the side of chivalry. After these came the famous and witty gallery of Students (*ÉTUDIANTS DE PARIS*) a collection of some sixty plates wherein are pre-

served for our entertainment an existence and a world of the past. For the student of Gavarni's epoch (the more or less civilised descendant of the mad crew of Murger) has disappeared from Paris as utterly as his true old Latin Quarter, that "Paradise of misery and capital of hope." Here he is, however, in these delightful and veracious pages; the student of fifty years ago, a little State within the State; the future of France in an extraordinary hat or cap, and yet more extraordinary trousers, the *redingote* buttoned to conceal the absence of waistcoat, long-haired and decidedly fantastic; the student who is the personal enemy of all *sergents de ville* and other guardians of order; the student who is habitually penniless, but who has his own *cafés*, his own quarters, his appointed place in the theatre, his immemorial usages, and his "religion revealed by Béranger"; the student who pawns his velvet smoking-cap, or his favourite meerschauum, or his entire library, to have the wherewithal of a night at the *Bal de l'Opéra*, where, as fast as one dance is forbidden, he invents another and a wilder one, to the despair of authority in a three-cornered hat.

Carnival-time, by the way, threw Gavarni into a veritable fever. He complains in his journal that he cannot sleep at night for excitement and the twitchings in his legs after incessant dancing; a notice on his door told his friends that the Saturday gossip was suspended, and wherever the *cotillon* was, Gavarni's heels would be flying. Sainte-Beuve says that Gavarni re-created the Carnival and made it young again. He set a new fashion in costumes for the *bal masqué*, which, before his time, had followed year after year the traditional types of the old Italian comedy, Pierrot, Arlequin, and Company. How many costumes Gavarni designed for this

wear, he himself could not have said, but it is certain that everybody wanted a hint for one from his pencil. Sainte-Beuve thinks he may have borrowed a notion now and then from Watteau, but is sure that his happiest inspirations were always those of the fairy in his own brain.

In the three unrivalled series of *LE CARNAVAL*, *LES DÉBARDEURS* and *LA FOIRE AUX AMOURS*, we are flung into the midst of the unique nocturnal life of that surprising festival. The De Goncourts say that the *bal masqué* of this era was a kind of *gymnastique enragée*, or acrobaticism run mad; but it had its graceful as well as its extravagant and clownish sides, and if the humour was often Pantagruelian, it was sometimes also as fine as a *mot* of Voltaire.

Here, in these rare albums, is the whole frenetic, many-voiced and many-coloured Carnival for you, the Carnival of Paris and Gavarni, the Carnival that was and that is not, the Carnival that will be no more: the storm and whirl of music and the daring dance; the brassy lights; the tossing, foamy sea of the white bonnets of countless Pierrots; the dominos of silk and velvet; the shimmer and flutter of ribbons and laces, the nodding of plumes and feathers in the yellow dusty air; the *grisettes* in black silk masks, zouave jackets, and wide velvet trousers reaching to the ankle; the spangled harlequins; the monkeys with tails half pulled off in the *mêlée*; the bear taking his head off in a corner to cool himself, and discovering the homely and spectacled visage of a middle-aged citizen; the savages whom no savage region would acknowledge; the false noses of all shapes, sizes, and colours; the false beards, and goggle eyes, and pasteboard cheeks; the mock generals, with a hearth-brush or a poker dangling from the sword-belt; the bawling

of an ultra-sentimental song to a guitar out of tune, heard for a moment above the hubbub; the sale by auction of an Adam and Eve "who have lost the money for their return to Eden, and will refuse no offer in reason;" the noisy appeal of a reveller from the ledge of a box, to the crowd below, to tell him the address of the maiden aunt with whom he had promised to spend the evening quietly; and of another, imploring the master of the ceremonies to pay off his debts and set him up in business as an ambassador; the fierce burlesque quarrels; the ceremonious salutes prefacing some ridiculous or impudent request; the invitations to supper; the final galop, that galop of *Lémore* in which the revel attains its grand climacteric; and then, at last, the pouring out of the motley throng into the pale streets at daybreak.

His innumerable pictures of the Carnival set out at his best Gavarni's genius for the grotesque. No one has ever contrived to get so much expression out of a false nose; no one has made a dead mask speak as these masks of Gavarni speak. The false nose in these cartoons becomes a live feature, which declares the identity it would conceal. The mask of tinted pasteboard observes, listens, meditates, and utters itself in epigram.

The phrases in epigram, attached to the cartoons, were as deeply relished in Gavarni's Paris as were the cartoons themselves; and he gave a world of pains to them. They were always (with two very trivial exceptions, I believe) of his own invention, and the best of them defy translation. He had a taste in letters as exact and scrupulous as his taste in art, and a nice and witty phrase haunted and possessed him. Someone said that if a happy *mot* were dropped at table, Gavarni would pick it up and dine on it. Balzac not excepted, no one

has handled the spoken language of the day,—the language of the streets, the shops, the music-halls, the *cafés*, the *coulisses*, the studios—as Gavarni has done; that language within the language, non-academical but national, clipped, brisk, pointed, coloured, and ever-changing. By this time he had conquered and had made his own the Paris of his heart. His drawing, in this or the other illustrated journal, was the artistic event of the day; it was demanded at the *café*, it was discussed at the club.

In 1847 Gavarni found himself in London. His renown had gone before him, and the De Goncourts tell a curious story, which has the air of apocrypha, of the Queen and Prince Albert, “in their Palace of Windsor,” seated on the floor like children, culling Gavarni’s drawings from a pile of French newspapers, and cutting out and pasting in an album those they liked best. It is certain, however, that society in London was quite prepared to lionise the distinguished satirist; but Gavarni had other plans. He was never of a very social or expansive habit, and during his lengthened stay in this country the drawing-rooms of fashion did not see him. Thackeray called, and was anxious to do for him the honours of the West-end; and Dickens followed Thackeray; but Gavarni’s extreme reserve chilled them both, and they left him to himself. He found his pleasure in making studies of the common folk (of which THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS published many), and it is interesting to note how soon and how thoroughly he seized the English physiognomy. His sailors, costermongers, hot-potato-men, hawkers, and the victims of gin are not inferior in truth and exactness to the types which he had been sketching all his life in Paris.

Gavarni’s voluntary isolation did

not irk him in the least, and he liked England and the English. “England,” he wrote to a friend in Paris, “is the most charming country in the world for the purely material life, but beyond that the heart seems to have nothing to lean upon. It is their lack of heart [an odd criticism, this, from a native of Paris] that makes the English so easy to get on with (*si peu gênants*).” Of the women he says: “I would tell you about them if I could, but I really don’t know what an Englishwoman is. I have an idea, however, that in full attire, she is no longer a woman but a cathedral (*ce n’est plus une femme, c’est une cathédrale*).” Since he deliberately withheld himself from society in London, it would be incorrect to describe Gavarni’s visit there as a social failure; but he was guilty of one glaring breach of etiquette and the polite usages which would have made success in the great world ever afterwards impossible. It appears that he had been commissioned to make a sketch of her Majesty, and that, at the very last moment, he had the bad taste to forego compliance with the royal behest. Palette and brushes had actually been despatched to the palace, and Gavarni was following, or on the point of following, when he suddenly decided not to go. The gigantic rudeness of the decision compels an unwilling laugh; but let me hasten to add that Gavarni, a man of the sincerest natural politeness, never pardoned himself for that unpardonable solecism, and that, in making confession to the De Goncourts, he assured them that he could not say what mad impulse had inspired him. The offence was, nevertheless, remembered against him in this country, and when, some years later, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, THE TIMES published a leading article in protest.

Back in Paris, after a tour on foot through the Hebrides, Gavarni found the calls upon his magic pencil as numerous as ever. He was happy in finding also that advancing years in no way stayed his powers of production. He not only retained at fifty the physical freshness, vigour and vitality of thirty; but, at this age, his fecundity of imagination and facility of execution enabled him to furnish for the *Comte de Villedeuil's* new journal, *PARIS*, three hundred and sixty-five cartoons in three hundred and sixty-five successive days, a feat perhaps unrivalled. Never a sheet was wasted on a rough sketch, nor had the artist anything before him to assist his memory; yet the works of this period, begun and finished at a sitting, and without the intermission of a single day, include the series of *LES LORETTES VIEILLIES* (the sombre and sometimes sordid humours of decayed and decrepit love), *L'HISTOIRE DE POLITIQUER* (fine and penetrating satires on politics and political persons abhorred all his life by Gavarni),¹ *LES PARTAGEUSES* (a series which discovers anew his extraordinary knowledge of the woman and women of Paris), *LES PROPOS DE THOMAS VIRCLOQUE* (ragged cynic and philosopher, a "Wandering Jew of moral Doubt and modern Desolation," the gravedigger of mundane illusions and social unvaracities), and *LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX*.

From his quarters in the *Rue Fontaine St. Georges*, where out of a vast chamber with thirteen windows had been contrived the very oddest collection of little rooms and cabinets,

Gavarni had betaken himself to *Auteuil*. Here he had become the possessor of an ideal retreat; a snug house, a retired garden, and a perfect little park enclosing them. In this cherished spot, his artist's fame at its height, Gavarni had but three wishes: to work as it pleased him, and no longer at the bidding of editors and publishers; to dream dreams; and to enrich and beautify his little property. Years of quiet living, and enjoyment of his own, had wedded his heart to this placid homestead; and his terraces and avenues of chestnuts, his hills and valleys in miniature, had drained his coffers of hundreds of thousands of francs. On a sudden, warning came that he must quit. They were building a new railway, and that blind inflexible line was destined to cut Gavarni's existence in twain. He appealed by letter to the King, but his letter (never received, perhaps) was never answered. He saw the roof stripped from his house, his studio hurled in ruin and confusion, his beloved garden bruised and crushed.

He was in failing health at the time, and his leaf withered quickly. He bought a dreary big house in Paris, which he did not want, and which he could no longer afford to maintain. Here, within a pace or two of the teeming, brilliant life which no pencil had ever rendered quite as his had done, he made himself a living sepulchre. He became, the *De Goncourts* say, a man for whom time had ceased; a man who knew neither hour, day, nor month. He scarcely crossed his own threshold, and scarcely suffered it to be crossed. He died on the 24th of November, 1866; and his tomb bears the simple, proud inscription: GAVARNI.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

¹ In the matter of politics he had a fixed and statutory formula: "*Ce qu'on appelle esprit public est la bêtise de chacun multipliée par la bêtise de tout le monde* (the thing they call public opinion is your stupidity and mine, multiplied by everybody's)."

THE FAMILIAR OF MEGAT PENDĀ.

A DOZEN years ago there lived on the banks of a large river, which flows into the Straits of Malacca, a King and the King's heir. The latter was not the King's son, but only some form of cousin or nephew; for in the State where they lived the succession is arranged somewhat curiously. There are three great officers in this land, the King, the King's Heir, and the Bendahâra; and when in the fulness of time the King dies, his heir succeeds him, while the Bendahâra attains the rank of next in succession, and the dignities of the Bendahâra's post meanwhile fall to the lot of the eldest son of the deceased monarch. The virtue of this system is that the ruler of the land is always the eldest son of a King, has had ample time to outgrow the rashness and the unrestrained passions of early youth, and has further qualified himself for the throne by years of service in subordinate positions. There is so much to be said in favour of this system, that it cannot but fill one with admiration for the excellent theorist who devised it in the beginning. In practice, however, it has some obvious disadvantages. A Malay King has usually an instinctive horror of his heir, even when the latter is his own flesh and blood; and when the man, who occupies this position, chances to be a mere relation, this aversion is multiplied exceedingly. The King feels that his own son is being unfairly treated, and, since he holds power in his hands, he is sorely tempted to use up his heir and the Bendahâra more speedily than nature intended, thus adopting a simple

method of raising his son to the rank of King's Heir with as little delay as possible. When this has been accomplished he may begin to perceive that another of his sons is the more worthy, and since he has got his hand in by practice upon the vile bodies of the late heir and the deceased Bendahâra, he may experience some difficulty in drawing the line at the proper place, and in refraining from sending his own son to hob-nob with the injured ghosts of his predecessors.

This system of succession has another disadvantage, for the King's heir is not bound by very close ties to the King, and if the latter develops signs of unseemly longevity, mere murder, and not the more horrible crime of parricide, is necessary for his removal. This represents an obvious temptation difficult to resist, and the Bendahâra who has two people between him and the throne finds himself exposed to it in a twofold degree. At the time of which I write, however, primitive ideas of the fitness of things had been put somewhat out of gear by the presence of the calm and strangely impassive British Government; and though all men hated the King, no one dreamed of aiding nature to remove him from the earth, to which his presence was an obvious insult.

The King lived on the left bank of the river, and the Heir had his home on the right bank, two hundred yards across the running water. This was in a way symbolical, for the King and his Heir were in constant opposition, and the latter was invariably on the right side. A few miles up stream, in a long straggling village which

lined the waters of the river for a couple of miles, lived Megat Penda, a thin and sour-faced man, with bleared, blood-shot eyes, shifty and vicious. This individual was much feared in his village and for many miles around, for he was reported to be a wizard; and one day a petition, bearing some hundreds of signatures, was presented to the Resident, praying for his expulsion from the State. The petition gave chapter and verse for a dozen deaths, each one of which could be traced to the Familiar Spirit which, speaking from the mouths of the stricken folk, hailed Megat Penda as its father.

The petition was obviously ridiculous, and no sensible man, of course, would lend an ear to it. How can educated Englishmen, who know so many things, and are withal so thoroughly enlightened, take any serious view of such an absurdity? But the State in question had then but recently come under British protection, and the wise man, who was at that time its Resident, cared far less for the opinions of educated and enlightened Englishmen than for the peace and happiness of the people over whom he ruled. He saw at once that action of some sort must be taken in order to allay the fears of the superstitious natives; he knew that it was hopeless to attempt to persuade them that Megat Penda was no wizard, but merely a mild, though evil-looking old gentleman with bleared eyes. Therefore, as he was too just a man to allow Megat Penda to be driven from his house, or to be otherwise punished, he instructed me to aid the King's Heir in reprimanding the wizard for his evil practices, and in solemnly warning him of the troubles that would fall upon him if he did not mend his ways.

The natives were loud in their

prayers that Megat Penda's neck might be fixed in the fork of a bough, and that he might then, for a space, be held under water with his face in the mud; were this done, they declared, the swarm of grasshoppers that would arise from out the water would abundantly prove his guilt. I fear that I, in my youthful curiosity, regretted that the Resident could not see his way to applying this simple test, for I had so often heard Malays speak of this phenomenon as an invariable result of the immersion of a wizard, that I was anxious to witness it with my own eyes. This, however, was not to be, and accordingly one sunny afternoon Megat Penda was called before the King's Heir and myself to receive his warning. The Heir was in a woeful fright, and nothing could hide the fear in his eyes, while I found it difficult to maintain the solemn face which the occasion demanded.

Megat Penda shuffled in and squatted humbly on the ground, but his wicked little eyes blinked and glared at us most evilly. I had no doubt that the man firmly believed himself to be a wizard, and I was determined that he should be taught that there was risk in trying to frighten people; wherefore, as this part of the business had been allotted to me, I held forth glibly upon the wickedness of witchcraft in general, and of Megat Penda's conduct in particular, with the withering pungency to which the Malay language lends itself. The Heir grew obviously more unhappy as the talk went on, while Megat Penda glared at us with his sullen, angry eyes, and from time to time the Raja broke in with words designed to propitiate and conciliate the wizard. In the end our victim promised solemnly, with many heavy oaths, never again to allow his Familiar One to feast on

the blood of men. "If he craves milk or eggs I will supply them," said the Heir, for all men know that Familiars can live, almost happily, inside a bamboo cane, if they be given these things to eat in plenty. But Megat Pendia took no notice of my friend's offer, and strode away muttering sullenly to himself. I had not a doubt of the expediency of what we had done, for without it Megat Pendia's own life might not have been too safe, and the people of the district would have known little ease or peace had no notice been taken of their petition. Nevertheless I felt somewhat sorry for the disreputable old creature, who had probably done little evil, even though he believed himself to have dabbled successfully in black magic.

For a time I heard nothing more of good or bad concerning Megat Pendia, but a month or so later I chanced to cross the river to pay one of my many business visits to the King. He was an exceptionally unpleasant person, but for some reason, which I can never explain and which I dimly feel was undoubtedly to my discredit, he and I were on very friendly terms. Accordingly all minor business which had to be transacted with him was usually entrusted to me, and I was as familiar a figure in his house as were any of his own people.

I found him as usual sitting cross-legged on a long rattan chair, bare to the waist, with no cap or kerchief on his shaven head, and with a bulging quid of coarse Javanese tobacco wedged in between his gums and his lips. In his hand he held a pair of nippers, attached to a long silk handkerchief, with which, from time to time, he plucked a hair from his chin or body. Before entering his compound I could hear his roar, and the queer break of the notes when his

voice ran up the scale in its excitement to a perilously high pitch. I gathered from this (for I knew my King well) that he had recently done something mean or wicked, and was proportionately angry with his victim, whom he was now denouncing to all who sat within his gates. As I climbed up the stair ladder I could see his arm, and the fist which held the nippers, waving about his head to mark the periods of his speech; and he only dropped his voice to greet me before breaking out into a fresh torrent of abuse and self-justification. One of his people brought me a chair, and I sat down and listened.

Megat Pendia, who was not present, was the cause of all these loud words and angry gesticulations. The wizard looked as though he was a contemporary of Merlin, and it was therefore something of a shock to me to know that his mother had till quite lately been living. I was somewhat reassured when I ascertained that she was now dead, for extreme age is more unlovely in a Malay woman than in any other of God's creatures; and when I learned that her son had made her funeral a pretext for an attempt to borrow money from the King, I began to understand the reason of his wrath. Megat Pendia's mother was, in some sort, a relation of the King's favourite concubine, and, as he sat roaring in his long chair, the monarch was evidently aware that he had behaved shabbily in refusing the loan. Perhaps, too, he was a little afraid of the wizard's powers, though courage was the one and only virtue which relieved the Egyptian darkness of the King's character. But above all things the King was a miser, and the sense of duty and expediency had alike been lost sight of when the right thing could only be done by opening his beloved money-bags.

His present state of excitement needed no explanation, for when the Oriental Bank broke a few months before I had seen the frightened, naked soul of the miser looking out of the King's eyes, while he sat panting and wiping the beads of sweat from his face and neck, as pile after pile of greasy, flabby notes in turn came up for examination and sentence. I had known him do a thousand meannesses to those who might well have looked to him for kindness in return for long service and deep devotion, and I had never yet witnessed an occasion when his love of money had found a conqueror in any other purer emotion.

Megat Pendia, I was told by the frightened inmates of the King's compound, had returned to his home muttering angrily, and presaging grievous trouble for the King in the guise of visitations from another world; and though the people hated the master whom they served, they had no wish to see him die. "Where shall the vermin feed if not upon the head?" asks the Malay proverb, and a man of rank can always find a crowd of idlers to cluster about him, just as the leanest pig in the jungle has no lack of parasites.

Shortly afterwards a woeful illness fell upon the King, and while he was yet conscious he sent word to me to cross the river and join the crowd that sat about his head. He lay on a mat in the *balai*, or reception-room, of his house, that he might die as publicly as possible, with many to help him "through the strait and awful pass of death." The room was large and bare, with no furniture on the mat-covered floors, save only the thick mattress upon which the King lay, a brazier filled with red-hot embers, and one or two large brass spittoons. Two or three badly trimmed oil-lamps hung smoking from the ceil-

ing, throwing a bright light upon the sick man, and filling the corners of the room with shapeless masses of shadow. The place was crammed with Malays, of both sexes and all ages and conditions. The Heir had visited the sick-room earlier in the day, and genuine tears of compassion had borne testimony to the known goodness of his heart; but his presence had occasioned such a paroxysm of wrath on the part of the King, that he had been hustled somewhat unceremoniously out of the compound. The room was abominably close, and the air was heavy with the pungent smoke from the brazier and the reek of kerosine oil. Outside, under the open sky, the thermometer stood at about eighty; indoors it cannot have fallen far short of a hundred.

For many nights I sat by the King's side, sad at heart now that in truth my old friend was dying, pity for his sufferings effacing for the time the memory of his manifold iniquities, which were indeed as the sands of the sea-shore for multitude. But none the less the somewhat grim humours of the scene appealed to me irresistibly, and I observed all that passed around me as very quaintly illustrating the various characteristics of this strange people.

The King was for the most part unconscious; and from time to time a twitching of all his extremities, followed by a rippling of the muscles under the brown skin, like a gust of wind passing over the surface of a pool, ended in a fit of strong convulsions, when we, who sat nearest to him, laid violent hands upon him, to restrain his struggles and to shampoo his tortured limbs. Between whiles we sat speaking to one another in low tones, but, as there were near a hundred people present, the buzz of conversation made a considerable stir. The younger concubines of the King

behaved in a manner which may have pleased a few, but certainly can have edified nobody. While the convulsions held the King, they aided others in shampooing him in a somewhat perfunctory manner, and, unless I am much mistaken, they made this part of their duty serve as an occasion for touching and pressing the hands of one or another of the young Rajas whose devotion to their dying monarch had ostensibly called them to his bedside. When the fit had passed, they sat a little back, and entered with spirit into what the Malays call the game of eye-play with such of the visitors as chanced to take their fancy. And all the time their King and husband lay within a foot or two of them, fighting for his life with rending pants and gasps. Only one of his wives showed any real sympathy with his sufferings, or anxiety to stay his ebbing life; she was his Queen, and her rank and importance both hung upon the length of the King's days.

Those who held themselves to have deserved well of the King, those who had aided him in his evil doings, those who had followed him in good and bad fortune alike, those who had pandered to his many vices, and the survivors of those who had been his teachers when he was young, were all present, longing for an hour of lucidity, when the generosity borne of the fear of death might unloose the strings of the royal money-bags and make any one of them a rich man. I could mark the hunger in their eyes, the hatred of one another that filled them, and the boding anxiety lest the King should not recover consciousness in time to serve their purposes.

The medicine-men were in full force, for the European doctors had pronounced the case beyond human skill. The King was suffering from tumour

on the brain, they said, and in a day or two at the most his life would be required of him. But among a superstitious people hope is never lost; a fiend causes the ailment, and if he can be routed all will in the end be well. So the medicine-men pattered charms and exorcisms unceasingly, and when the fits seized the King, the most daring and the most mendacious among them would cry out that he beheld the *Bajang* (the Familiar One) and his horrible spouse the *Lang Sair* (the Weird Kite-Hag) sitting over against the body of their victim. I could see a shudder of fear ripple over the listeners when this cry was raised, and those nearest to the King would loose their hold on him, and draw back suddenly, so that his head fell with a slap, like that of the excellent Mantalini when released from the grasp of his startled footman.

Every now and again the King would regain consciousness, and at such times he would gurgle out vows never again to do evil, to pray with regularity and precision, to forego gambling and other pleasant vices, to spend much money in alms, and generally to be a credit to his ancestors and a glory to those who would come after him.

Once he asked faintly for his *gurn*, a little, shrivelled pilgrim who had taught him in his youth to read the Koran and to understand a few of the tenets of his faith. The *gurn* came with alacrity, his face wreathed in smiles, while his advance through the squatting crowd was followed by angry, envious glances from a score of eyes. The old man sat down at the head of the mat upon which the King lay, and the silence of eager curiosity fell upon the listening people.

"Majesty, thy servant is here in thy presence," whispered the pilgrim in the King's ear.

The King glanced up at him, with heavy, tired eyes, upon which the film of death was already forming.

"Gurn," he said in a hoarse faint voice, "Gurn, is it thou? Thou hast ever been a good gurn to me."

The gurn's smile widened till his red, betel-stained gash of a mouth extended almost from ear to ear. Then very slowly and painfully the King lifted up his hands until they rested upon his breast, and with the fingers of his left hand he began to draw off a magnificent diamond ring which he wore upon his right. It came easily enough, for the King had lost much flesh during his illness, and presently he held it up before his eyes in the full glare of the lamps. The gurn's face was a study, as it worked with eagerness and avarice, while he seemed hardly able to keep his hands from clutching at the blazing gem. A sigh of admiration of the stone, and of disgust that it should be wasted upon the gurn, swept over the crowd who sat about the King, and for full two minutes the ring twirled and flashed before our eyes, while a dead silence reigned.

Then the King spoke again. "Gurn," he repeated, "thou hast been a good gurn to me." Then very, very slowly he replaced the ring upon his finger. "May God reward thee, oh Gurn!" he said piously, and, calmly closing his eyes, pretended to fall into a deep sleep.

The master passion of the miser was strong in death, and the gurn's face wore a very sour look as he shambled back to his seat among the watchers. The little incident seemed to have raised the spirits of every one present with the sole exception of the gurn himself.

On the next night the King again regained consciousness for a space, and once more called for the gurn. He was now terribly weak, and the

hour of death seemed to be drawing very near.

"The Familiar One of Megat Pendia," said an old medicine-man, "is passing strong. He will have his will of the King, and I, even I, am without the power to drive him forth. No man other than Megat Pendia can save the King now; he has caused this grievous sickness, and he will not stay his hand until the end has come. Therefore the King will die; and Megat Pendia will go unscathed, for that is the White Man's law. *Sa Allah! Sa Tahan-ku!* All our eyes are alike black, but the fate of each man differs from the fate of his fellows."

This time, when the gurn came to sit at the head of the King's mat, his face wore no smile of hope and expectation. He was very glum and sullen, and when the King enquired of him concerning his chances in a future life, he was profoundly depressing.

"Shall I be saved?" asked the King in that thin, far-away voice which sounded so strangely from his lips.

"God alone knows!" ejaculated the gurn, with the air of one who took the most gloomy view of the situation. "All who are saved see the *lam-alif* at the hour of death. Dost thou see it, oh King?"

The *lam-alif* are the letters which form the first portion of the profession of Mahomedan faith, and the dulled eyes of the King sought the dingy ceiling-cloth above his head in the hope of seeing there the characters which betokened his eternal salvation. At last he said: "Gurn, I behold the *lam-alif*!"

"Then, oh King, thy hour is come," was the answer.

The King lay staring at the ceiling-cloth with lack-lustre eyes, but with an eager fascination very curious to

see. Then his limbs stiffened slightly, his eyes closed, and his jaw fell.

The silence, which had held the people during this last scene, was shattered to fragments in a moment. "The King is dead! *Sa Allah*, the King is dead!" cried everyone. The women set up their discordant lamentations. The Queen threw herself upon the mat at the King's side, and screamed shrilly for the life which in passing had shorn her of rank and power. The concubines let down their back hair in as becoming a manner as they could, and made belief to pull it, while their bright eyes flashed love-glances through their waving tresses. The self-seekers, who now saw their last hopes blighted, groaned aloud, and for full five minutes the noise of mourning was indescribable. Then suddenly a voice came from the corpse. "I am not dead yet," it said. The King's eyes opened, his mouth closed, and in a faint whisper he asked for unleavened bread and molasses. They were brought to him, but he could only eat a mouthful, and soon after he again relapsed into a state of unconsciousness, from which it seemed probable that he would never again recover.

At dawn I left him, and returned across the river to my house. I took a bath, and, as it chanced to be a Sunday, I thought that I would go and look for a snipe before turning in. My way led up the right bank of the river, through the long straggling village in which Megat Pendia dwelt. As I passed through the fruit-groves in the cool freshness of the early morning, the strong contrast to the stuffy, squalid place in which I had spent the night, made it difficult to realise that the two scenes could be part and portion of the same land. The trees and shrubs and all the masses of greenery about me were drenched with dew, which glistened

and shone in the bright sunlight; the chorus of the birds, all joining together in their splendid morning song, the purest music ever heard, fell gratefully on my ears; a pack of monkeys were whooping and barking in the jungles across the river. Everything was cool, and sweet, and pure, and all the world seemed newly washed with dew. I revelled in the beauty of the scene, and found it difficult to believe that the sordid death-bed of the King, with all the greed and lasciviousness which had made it hideous to witness, could find a home in such an enchanting land.

Presently I met a Malay hurrying down the path in the direction from which I had come. "Whither away?" I asked, for this question is a cordial greeting among Malays.

"I go to summon the washers of the dead," said the man, halting to speak to me.

"Who is dead?" I asked.

"My father, Megat Pendia," replied the man; "he died an hour ago."

"What ailed him?" I asked.

"I know not; but he was a very old man. He died from old age, I fancy."

I did not go on to the snipe-grounds, but turned back to the station, and sent a dresser to examine Megat Pendia's body, for I feared that he might have met with foul play. In due course I received the dresser's report, and his certificate left no doubt that death had been due to natural causes.

In the afternoon I crossed the river to see how it fared with the King. At the gate of his compound I met one of his people. "The King is better," said the man. "Megat Pendia died this morning, and the Familiar One hath departed."

The room, in which the King had lain stretched during his illness, was empty now, save for four or five

women who ministered to him. I had been warned that I should find him better, but I was not prepared for an almost complete recovery. The King was sitting on the long rattan chair, as of old, eating unleavened bread and molasses ravenously. His concubines, very demure and sober, with their modest eyes pinned to the floor-mats, squatted around him, tending him with extreme assiduity. He said that he was weak and very hungry, but otherwise quite well.

"I am told that Megat Penda died when the day was dawning," he said significantly. "It was at that hour that the Evil One left me."

The King lived to break all his pious vows, and died a couple of years later with a heavy load of new crimes to bear before the Judgment Seat. But at that time I was far away on the east coast of the Peninsula, and I know not whether

the *lam-alif* came to comfort his last moments with an assurance of certain salvation.

The European doctors, never at a loss, explained that the growth of the tumour on the King's brain had been suddenly arrested, and the case was quoted as one of unparalleled interest. But the Malays say that the King went near to lose his life at the hands of Megat Penda's Familiar, and that the timely death of its owner alone prevented the Evil One from completing its work of destruction. Both these views have a good deal to recommend them; but the narrator of these coincidences has a leaning to the Malay theory, and until we know a little more than we do at present about what passes behind the veil, it would perhaps be rash to express a final opinion.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

THE TRUE MILITARY POLICY.

"If ever you think upon political subjects," wrote Southey to Ebenezer Elliott in February, 1811, "I beseech you read Captain Pasley's *ESSAY ON MILITARY POLICY*, a book which ought to be not only in the hands but in the heart of every Englishman." Some two months later, when writing to Scott, he said: "No doubt you have seen Pasley's *Essay*. It will be, in the main, a book after your own heart, as it is after mine." The *ESSAY ON THE MILITARY POLICY AND INSTITUTIONS ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE*, to give the full title, was much in Southey's hands and mind during those months. He wrote an article on it for *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW* of May, 1811, which has been rashly attributed by some to Canning, though its history is to be found at large in Warter's selection from his letters. Higher authorities suppressed some severe remarks about the Court of Palermo for fear of offending King Ferdinand's minister, Castelvicala (so Southey declared), and inserted matter not his, which was one in the long story of his grievances against the interfering editor. Therefore, Southey in high dudgeon refused to be answerable for a bantling smeared by the editorial paw, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his advocacy, coming as it did with all the authority of the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*, helped to persuade Englishmen to take Captain Pasley's *Essay* to their hands and hearts. It went through three editions between November of 1810 and 1812. During that great crisis it unquestionably helped to confirm Englishmen, with whom, saving the reverence of patriots north of the Tweed, we

include the author's Scotch countrymen, in the resolution to support the policy for which he pleaded, namely, the manly and energetic pursuit of the war in Spain.

A book which has had a strong influence in a great crisis will always be historically interesting, even if there is no more to be said in its praise. But this will rarely be the case, since the truths which are fruitful at one time can never be of merely temporary value. Pasley himself had a higher ambition than only to say what would be useful then and there. In his preface he boldly demands to be tried by the higher standard. "It has been my object," he says, "without confining myself exclusively to the present prospects of Great Britain, to endeavour to analyse the spirit of military policy and institutions in general, so that if I have succeeded in the inquiry, something may be found applicable to all times and circumstances." In other words, he applied himself to teaching Englishmen how to use an army. If his ideas were sound, his argument was good, not only for the years when all the courage of the brave and all the sagacity of the wise were needed to keep the hand of England to the plough in the Peninsula, but also in our changed times and circumstances.

The memory which remains of General Sir Charles William Pasley is not so strong as to render some little account of him unnecessary. He came of a good Scotch stock of Eskdalemuir in Dumfriesshire, was born on the 8th of September, 1780, and was a cousin of the naval and Indian

Malcolms. Pasley, the four Malcolms, and Sir John Little were the six Knights of Eskdale. He took up the "honourable profession of arms" at the Military Academy at Woolwich, and gained his commission in 1797. During the early years of this century he served round the Mediterranean, and was therefore eye-witness of a series of operations which unquestionably set him on the train of thought to which we owe his MILITARY POLICY. In 1808 he began to put his ideas into shape. His first intention was to start by an examination of our military institutions, which was to introduce the policy. But soon the need for persuading Englishmen to make an intelligent use of the forces they already possessed, appeared to him so pressing that he postponed the institutions, and applied himself wholly to the policy. Service on the staffs of Sir David Baird and Sir John Moore, and then in the Walcheren expedition of unhappy memory, in which he was badly wounded, brought delay. The POLICY appeared in 1810, and the institutions were left to follow in some hour of leisure which never came in a life of good service prolonged to 1861.

When we look back now at the great struggle between England and the French Revolution in its Republican, and then in its Imperial phase, we see first the long series of naval campaigns, from Howe and the First of June, down to Nelson and Trafalgar, and then the Peninsular War and Waterloo. The part of the soldier seems to be the complement and the consequence of the achievements of the sailor. It appears an inevitable deduction that without the second the first could never have been. This is good doctrine, but, like others, it needs to be followed with discretion. No doubt it is true that the superiority of her navy alone made it possible for

England to send armies over sea, and then to keep them supplied with stores and reinforcements. The premise is sound, but it is not therefore a legitimate deduction that it was necessary for us to wait till Napoleon, by perhaps the most positively foolish and wicked of his many crimes, which were also blunders, had given us the Spanish peninsula as a battle-field. The fact is that, even before Howe's victory of the First of June, there never was a time when we could not have transported an army anywhere we pleased. The Duke of York's futile expedition to Holland did not prove a failure from any want of sea-power, but for other reasons. If our campaigns on the continent were unimportant, we must look for the explanation of their weakness elsewhere. Even the want of good leaders, though it accounts for much, will not explain all. Abercrombie, Lake, Stuart, and Moore may not have been great generals, but they were excellent officers, far better than the Prussians, Austrians and, putting aside Suwarrow, the Russians, whom the French had to fight, and by whom they were frequently beaten. It would be difficult to prove that Moore was inferior to the Archduke Charles, and there was this in his favour, that he did not suffer from epilepsy. Indeed the determination of the nation to persevere in Portugal preceded, and did not follow, the discovery that it possessed a consummate leader in Wellington. But for the change in our way of looking at military operations he would have missed his chance. Now the historical interest of Pasley's book lies in this, that he defines and sets forth for us what this alteration in the national way of thinking was, displays before us what we had done, and expounds the principles on which we were to act. Before his book appeared, in November, 1810, the country had blindly, and

more through courage and innate common sense than by reasoning, come to much the conclusions set forth by Pasley. Yet he supplied many who, though they saw right, also saw dimly, with arguments; and he helped to form the indomitable resolution which carried us through to the end. In the process of doing this he laid down certain principles of military policy not less applicable now, though the circumstances be changed than they were then.

In every book written to serve an immediate purpose there must be a part applicable only to the exact case dealt with by the writer, be the permanent value of his ideas what they may. This part is inevitably large in the *MILITARY POLICY*. Pasley wrote when the empire of Napoleon was as yet unbroken. His call to write came from his patriotic desire to show Englishmen how alone they could destroy their enemy, and his pleading may be condensed in some such way as this.

You have, he says to his countrymen, in front of you a military empire of immense resources, governed by a man of great faculty, energy, and an entire absence of scruple. He has vowed your destruction, and you know it. You know it so well that you have ceased to believe peace with Napoleon to be possible. Now he disposes of the services of sixty millions, and you are eleven millions. Moreover, he subordinates everything to military efficiency in a way impossible for you. Hitherto your fleet has guarded you against invasion, and may continue to do so for years. But you must not rely too much on your fleet. It can indeed for the present protect you, but it cannot destroy him. If you rely on your ships alone, trusting to accident or the efforts of other nations to bring down your enemy, the war may drag

on till sheer fatigue compels you to make peace. Then a very few years will enable your enemy with his sixty millions of inhabitants to train fleets proportionate to the size of his empire. Unless you alter your method of fighting, the alternative is a war which may last far into another generation, in which you will be for ever on the defensive, and for ever burdened. If you wish to escape this fate you must come down into the arena yourselves. You must use your armies as you have always used your fleets, in sufficient force and, what is more important than mere force, in a truly martial spirit. There must be an end of these trumpery little expeditions scattered in their transports from the Levant to the Baltic, sent out to make hurried inroads here and there on a small scale, and with instructions to hasten back to their ships so soon as the danger becomes really serious. It is a change of method you want, an end to this desponding spirit, to this timid evacuating policy, to this poor half-hearted style of using your army. Once make your mind up to be as much in earnest with your soldier as you are with your sailor, and you will get as good results from your army as you do from your fleet.

This, stated in one's own words, is Pasley's case, which experience was to show to be sound. Fault may be picked with his demonstration here and there. He was impatient with the capture of colonies which he considered as in most cases a mere burden, giving us no help, and distracting our military forces. To send soldiers to take Martinique when we ought to be launching them in a mass at the heart of Napoleon, appeared to him contrary to common sense. Perhaps he did not sufficiently remember that if the taking of a French colony did nothing else, it stamped

out a nest of privateers and protected trade. Yet could we but have brought Napoleon down, the privateers would have come with him. Here and there we are reminded that no man jumps off his shadow. Pasley was a very thinking soldier, who quoted Polybius in the original, and much to the point too, and who knew Cæsar as well as Captain Fleullen himself, but he was after all first and foremost a soldier. The Roman ideal is always in his mind, while on occasions he sinks to the Napoléonic, as when he proposes a certain short way for dealing with unsatisfactory allies. Even this, however, though rightly accepted by his contemporaries with reserve, has its historical value as showing what response Napoleon was arousing in the breasts of right-minded English gentlemen. Then, too, in view of what the Emperor did, it does not seem rash to rely on the possibility of taking most continental kingdoms of that day. As for what Pasley has to say about the course to be followed with the Neapolitan Bourbons, of whom he writes with an overflowing scorn which rejoiced Southey and frightened Gifford, we need find no fault with that. In the first place we did in the end find it necessary to take Sicily out of the hands of Ferdinand, and to put his virago of a wife under lock and key; and then it would have been so much better for Sicily if we had never given it back to its worthless dynasty.

Those passages in which Pasley abounds in his own sense, or magnifies his office, do not in the least affect the essential value of the book; perhaps they even aided the arguments to tell. Englishmen were little likely to be tempted to embark on a course of continental conquest, but they may well have been encouraged to use their army with more vigour when they heard an officer, who was manifestly no mere blusterer,

vindicating its capacity to meet Napoleon himself on equal terms. And it was of this that Englishmen needed to be persuaded. We, who come after the Peninsular War and Waterloo, cannot without an effort understand our fathers' doubts. But that they existed is certain, and moreover they were not wholly without excuse. When Englishmen of 1808 looked back on the sixteen years of war, with one very brief space of mere truce, which had now lasted since 1792, the part of the soldier must needs have appeared to them very small. Once only during that period had we fought a serious campaign with adequate result, namely, when we sent Abercrombie to Egypt. Our success then ought to have encouraged us, but the expulsion of the French from the Nile Valley remained for years a solitary example of military vigour. It was after this expedition that we sent General Fraser with five thousand men on a wild-goose chase to Egypt, which was to end in defeat and capitulation. Abercrombie's campaign excepted, what our army had to show for itself after sixteen years of warfare against France, were either utter failures as in Holland, in Fraser's foolish raid, and in the attacks on Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, or barren victories as at Maida, followed by retreat to our ships, or success in some remote sugar-island. The Indian fighting lay apart, and Englishmen, not unwisely, declined to argue from victory over Asiatics to the capacity to defeat disciplined Europeans. That our men were brave nobody denied, nor did we question the mere courage of our officers. What we did doubt was the fitness of our army to operate on a large scale, and of our generals to rise to the level of the admirals. The doubt was unjust, but it was felt by men who assuredly had the honour of our arms at heart. Sir

Gilbert Elliot's impatience with the "high lounge" of the soldiers is echoed by Scott in a letter to Ellis, when the news of the retreat from Corunna left him "nothing better to do than to vent my groans." "I distrust what we call thoroughbred soldiers terribly when anything like the formation of extensive plans of the daring and critical nature which seems necessary for the emancipation of Spain, is required from them." Would Scott have distrusted a thoroughbred sailor when a great fleet had to be greatly used? Yet he thought thus, and many thought with him.

It was to Scott, to Elliot, and to all who thought like them that Pasley spoke. Is it our fault, he says in substance, if we soldier officers are not the same daring self-reliant men as our brothers and cousins of the sea service? No, it is not wholly our fault if our campaigns are limited to hasty inroads which produce, at best, a barren victory, and are followed by retreat to the ships. That this has been the rule I allow down to this last unnecessary embarkation at Corunna. On this event, by the way, Pasley is an admirable corrective to the impassioned sophistry of Napier. It is true that our generals do not take as their model Wolfe, who saw in the difficulties of conquering Quebec only a stimulus to greater exertions. Like poor Sir John Moore, we see in difficulty an excuse for retreat. And why? Because, except when a colony is to be conquered, you ask nothing better from us, and give us few chances of doing anything better. You send your admiral out with a good force, and tell him that he must not come back with a tale of a lee shore and of the danger to His Majesty's ships. You send your general out with an insufficient force, and you impress upon him that he is not to run it into hazard, as if any one can fight to good

purpose who is not to venture. The fact is that you treat your navy in a truly martial spirit, but you play with your army. If a squadron of war-ships were lost, the country would be stirred to indignant effort from one end to the other; but if one of the little armies you send out is beaten, you only comment with weary disgust on the folly of operations for which your army is not fit. It is this very belief which causes the unfitness. You have chosen to rely on others to fight your battles on land, and have made a picture for yourselves of the terrible prowess of Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and what not. When they are beaten you form an awe-inspiring idea of the force and skill of the French, and are terrified by a scarecrow of your own making. For what are these same French? When Flaminius (for Pasley was fond of a classical case in point) was told of the hosts of Antiochus, he compared them to the dinner of pork which the skilful cook dressed to resemble all meats, saying that *after* all they were but "effeminate Syrians." So these "Nageurs and Voltigeurs and other fantastic names, which since the time of the Revolution they have changed almost as often as their uniforms," do but cover the same old French. Attack them by land as you have done by sea, in serious force, at a vital spot, and in a martial spirit, and you will see that we can beat them. Give up your odious and poor-spirited policy of encouraging the inhabitants of this country, or of that, to resist, and then leaving them in the lurch when the peril becomes pressing, till no man any longer believes in your word or trusts your loyalty. War by sea and war by land are not so different, but that if you pursue the second with the vigour you have shown in the first, victory will reward you there also. And we

soldiers, knowing you to be in earnest and resolute in demanding great deeds from us, will look forward, and not turn our eyes over our shoulders to watch the road which leads back to the ships. If we do not, then let your wrath be visited on us, as it has been on the sailor,—for Pasley remembered Byng, though he did not name him. In one luminous passage he sums up the history of sixteen years of ill-directed land warfare.

Independent of (what may be called) the artificial inadequacy of force produced by the causes treated of in the last chapter [our evacuating policy and want of martial spirit in our direction] it will appear, on examining into most of our military expeditions, that the numerical forces sent, and means employed, have generally been calculated on too small a scale for the object in view. This may have arisen, partly from the imperfect or erroneous information upon which the British Government may have acted; partly perhaps from erroneous reasoning upon such points of our information as were accurate; and partly from our injudicious colonial system, which has tended to waste our resources.

But it must be observed, that if not at the time when most of our expeditions sailed, we have always, at least before they finally disappointed our hopes, had a great surplus of disposable force, so that necessity can never be admitted as a just cause of the remarkable inadequacy of numbers employed by us in our wars by land. It is no economy, either of money or of lives, to make war by dribblets. As views and maxims drawn from commerce seem to have had great influence in our military operations, we ought to have adopted the true principles of commerce, and dealt in war by wholesale. In imitation of the great and enterprising British merchant, we should have sent out our armies by fifties of thousands at a time, in order that we might have had princely returns; not by tens of thousands, like the timid trader, who risks little, but whose gains are trifling; or who, by cautiously shifting his capital from one branch of commerce to another, sees bolder competitors outstrip him in them all; and perhaps ruins himself at last from a fear of bankruptcy.

With far more illustrations than I can quote here, and a wealth of argument I can only indicate, Pasley stated his case to his own time; and at the same time he laid down principles as applicable now as then.

The essay is built upon two great fundamental doctrines. Of these the first is that the navy of itself cannot do the whole work of protecting the country. The trident of Neptune may be the sceptre of the world, but only when it strikes home, which it cannot do unless it has the means to go beyond the hostile shore. Now this can only be done by an army which the navy transports and lands. The second is that the army, on which we rely to help in protecting us, must not stand idly at home with its arms by its side waiting till the enemy comes, but must strike at him, giving him that to do in his country which will prevent him from endeavouring to come here.

The first of these doctrines is not at present popular. Whoever maintains it is in some danger of finding himself accused of not appreciating the resource of sea-power. That Pasley overrated the danger that our fleet would break down is, and was seen at the time to be, true. Yet whoever remembers how terrible was the strain on England in 1810 will see reasons for thinking that he was right in fearing that we might be constrained to make peace. In that case our enemy would have had leisure in which to arm and drill fleets, and war would have revived on worse terms for us a little later. This did not happen because the empire of Napoleon was brought to the ground, partly by the prolongation of the war in the Peninsula, and partly by the campaigns of 1812, 13, and 14. Captain Mahan has said that it was the sea-power of England which drove

Napoleon on to his fatal mistakes in Spain and Russia. Many have repeated his words. But neither he nor they have explained how the sea-power compelled Napoleon to endeavour to conquer Spain, instead of ruling it through Ferdinand as he might have done, nor how it forced him to offend Russia by refusing to let her take Constantinople. If we had not intervened in Spain in the fashion recommended by Pasley, the Emperor might have subdued the whole country and have obtained full possession of its resources. In that case it is doubtful whether even the Russian campaign would have brought him down. The sea-power could not have averted such a disaster of itself. Or again let us look back, and ask what might have happened if our first campaign in Holland in 1793 had been conducted on sound principles of military policy; if an army of sixty thousand men had been sent; if there had been a country behind it which demanded a bold spirit from its generals; if we had insisted that allies who took our subsidies should also take our orders. In that case the allies might well have marched to Paris, and have rescued Europe from many years of misery. We saved neither money nor blood by making war in dribblets. The sea-power, in short, is the indispensable foundation of a real martial policy for England, but a foundation is not a building. The thoroughgoing disciples of Captain Mahan are fond of insisting that volunteers or militia, or even regular troops drawn up on the shore, can never replace the navy; and they are right. But while enforcing the truth of their case, they are a little apt to overlook another truth, which is this, that neither can the navy replace the army, which by invading the enemy gives him work at home, and so effectually aids in the defence of

England. The war in the Crimea supplies a test case. Without the naval superiority of the allies the armies could not have besieged Sebastopol; but the navies could not have taken the town of themselves, and if it had only been blockaded, which was the extent of their power of injury, Russia would not so soon have been forced to seek peace. The trident of Neptune is shorn of half its power if it cannot be stretched over the land.

Pasley's second doctrine, that the army which truly defends us is the force which can advance and strike, is also not so generally accepted but that it needs to be preached. Within the last few weeks Mr. Balfour has been talking to the Volunteers of the possibility of an invasion in which they would play the part of defenders. Now, to say evil of the Volunteers is one of the last things which any sane and patriotic Englishman would wish to do. Their services to the country, direct and indirect, are considerable, and they have their place in any complete system of national defence. Yet there is more than a touch of the spirit of "the timid trader" in Mr. Balfour's words. He seems to contemplate as sufficient for our needs a condition of armament in which we present to a formidable European enemy first the fleet, and then behind that a stay-at-home army which cannot prevent invasion, but can only fight at bay when invasion comes. Pasley would have said, why not strike at your enemy first before your navy suffers defeat? Depend upon it he will not invade you if his hands are full elsewhere, and by taking that manlier course you avert the disgrace and loss which must come from the presence of an enemy on your soil.

By pushing this line of argument to what people, who commonly know very little about logic, are fond of

calling its logical extreme, it is no doubt possible to topple over into absurdity. It may be objected that it would commit us to the formation of an army on the continental scale. But this is not so. If we were engaged in war with France or Germany without an ally, then it would unquestionably be necessary for us to use only the fleet. Even then, and supposing our navy to fail us in some such way as Mr. Balfour rather vaguely indicated, the enemy would be much more effectually deterred by the knowledge that four army corps of real soldiers were waiting for him than by the prospect of having to overcome any conceivable number of men who, by the very nature of the force they belong to, must needs be amateurs. Such a body may be well able to deal with mere raids made by small bodies of soldiers, and yet incapable of fighting battles. All the history of war proves that the superiority of thoroughly trained troops over irregulars and amateurs increases in geometrical proportion with the numbers engaged. Irregulars who are brave, possess local knowledge, good weapons, and some discipline, have often defeated detachments of a few hundred regulars. But ten thousand real soldiers have rarely found much difficulty in routing any number of irregulars. Therefore, though the Volunteers could probably stop incursions of the stamp of the French landing in Fishguard, no general in Europe would hesitate for a moment in attacking any number of volunteers with fifty thousand soldiers. He would calculate that their liability to fall into confusion (with which comes panic) would increase with their numbers, and he

would be right. Even in the case supposed by Mr. Balfour it is on the soldier we must rely, not on any possible civilian substitute.

But wars between Power and Power, single-handed, have been the exception in Europe. As a rule the great conflicts have been between coalitions, and as all presumption of time future must needs be memory of time past, we are entitled to consider that as it has been, so it will be. When alliance is opposed to alliance, it will be wisdom in us to go back to the lessons of the *ESSAY ON MILITARY POLICY*, to use our army with vigour in the greatest mass we can accumulate, at the right place, and in no desponding, evacuating spirit. Nor is there the slightest reason why, if certain conditions be fulfilled, we should not weigh as heavy in the balance as in the past. In 1814 there were seventeen hundred thousand men in arms for and against Napoleon; of these a bare fifty thousand were English, nor was that number of our race ever collected in one field of battle. Yet we helped not ineffectually to drag down the Italian tyrant of the early Middle Ages, who came to life again to complete the French Revolution. Let us double the numbers for the next great war, and suppose that thirty-four hundred thousand take the field, of whom one hundred thousand are English. There is no reason why they should not tell as much as Wellington's army did, if the needful conditions be fulfilled. Is it necessary to add what they are? That our army should be of as good material, and as full of fight as it was in the Peninsula, and that it should be used in a truly "martial spirit."

DAVID HANNAY.